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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

PAST.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

The hush of rest is around me,
  The earth has languished to sleep—
And a veil of mystical stillness
  Is over the face of the deep;
The moon draws back into heaven,
  The stars are glowing on high,
The flowers look up in their innocence
  Meeting the Infinite Eye—
And my thoughts go back, ever backward,
  To hours of happy Gone By.

Oh, all this life's royal ripeness—
  The glory of blood in its prime—
Has not the unsullied freshness
  Of youth's fair chrysalis time!
When all looks pure to the vision,
  When the rose has never a thorn—
When we deem that to fullest fruition
  Each hope and heart-yearning born
Ere the sun dried the kiss of the dew-drops
  From off our soul's garden at morn!

And now with the sweet Past around me,
  The Future looming up dim—
Old joys come clustering around me
  To sing their soft-flowing hymn;
I drop not a tear o'er the ashes
  Of all Life's pleasure and pain—
And turn to the ever full Present
  To take up my burden again!
Oh, Memory! go back to the riches
  Where long in darkness you've lain!

Farmington, N. H.

Our Historical Gallery.

Sketches of the Presidents.

TWELFTH—ZACHARY TAYLOR.

MAJOR GENERAL TAYLOR was born in the county of Orange, in Virginia, in the year **1790**. After receiving such an education as the times permitted, General Taylor entered the army, with a commission of lieutenant in the 7th infantry, under the administration of Jefferson, in **1808**. He was then eighteen years of age. When, on the 19th of June, **1812**, war was declared, Taylor, who had previously received a captain's commission, held command of Fort Harrison, and, with a handful of men, defended himself against the attack of a large body of Indians, with such skill and bravery, that Madison bestowed upon him the brevet of major.

From this period until **1840**, Taylor passed his life in an almost incessant warfare with the various savage tribes in the west, where he signalized himself by repeated acts of bravery, and by the exhibition of a sagacious forecast, which won for him the approval of the nation. Meanwhile he had passed through the grades of lieutenant colonel and colonel, and held at this date a brigadier general's commission.

When it became evident to the government that a war with Mexico must speedily occur, General Taylor was ordered, with his army, to occupy a position on the American side of the Rio Grande, with instructions not to cross the river unless the Mexicans should make the first attack.

On the **25th** of July, General Taylor reached the Island of St. Joseph's, and from thence removed to Corpus Christi, in August. From this place he sent out a party of reconnoissance, who recommended Point Isabel as a suitable place for a depot. Here he built Fort Brown, which lies on the Rio Grande, nearly opposite Matamoras. It was now that hostilities commenced, the Mexicans attacking Fort Brown, General Taylor heard of the dangerous position of his troops and stores at Point Isabel, and determined to succor and relieve the place. But there was a Mexican army between him and Point Isabel, not less than five thousand strong, ready to dispute every inch of his way. With only two thousand one hundred men, General Taylor determined to cut his way through to Fort Brown. This he effected in one of the most brilliant military compaigns history has ever recorded, during which were fought the glorious battles of Palo Alto and La Resaca de la Palma, and in which fell so many brave and gallant men.

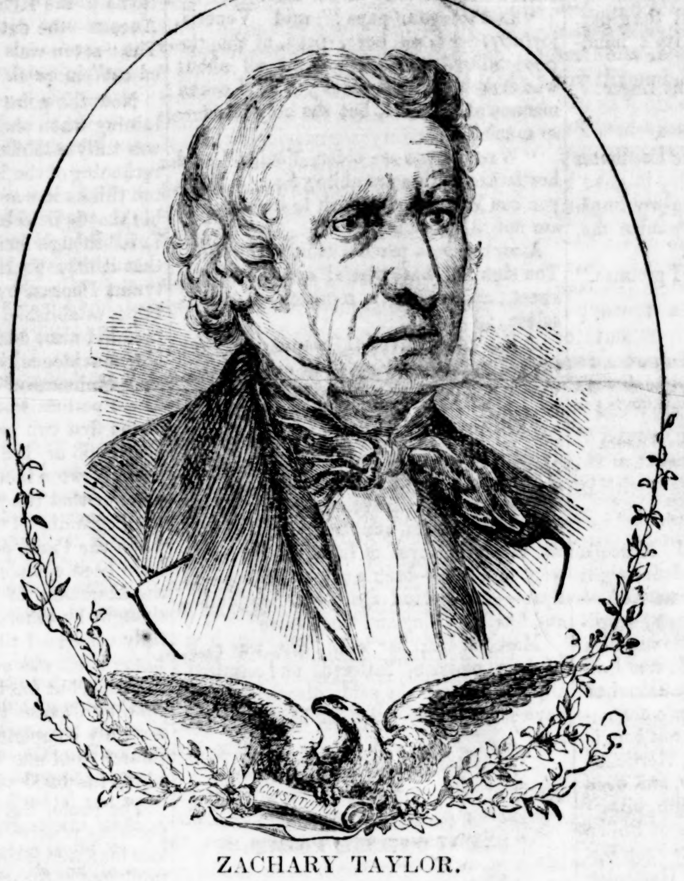
In September, General Taylor advanced upon Monterey, which capitulated on the 24th, after an obstinate resistance. In January, General Taylor's command consisted of about **6000** volunteers and **500** regulars. His quarters were then at Monterey, where he learned that Santa Anna, with a splendidly-equipped army of **21,000** men, had arrived at Encarnacion. Leaving **1500** men at Monterey, as a garrison, General Taylor at once advanced to meet the enemy; and on the 4th of February, he encamped at Agua Nueva, where he remained until the 21st. He then —Santa Anna being within one day's march —fell back to Buena Vista, a strong mountain pass eleven miles nearer to Saltillo.—Here he awaited the approach of the enemy. The result is already known to all the world; and history has recorded few more splendid victories than that of General Taylor at Buena Vista. With one third, and often less, of the force of the Mexicans, Gen. Taylor met them on their own ground; having to contend with all the difficulties of climate, distance of home, and an army composed of a majority of men who had never before seen a battle-field; and always conquered. His perfect coolness, his majestic courage, his keen sagacity, his admirable generalship—true constituents of a military hero,—are apparent in camp, in council, and in the field, and have won for him undying laurels; while his kind and dignified demeanor ingratiated him with all his officers and soldiers. His name dwelt on every lip, his praise rung in every ear. Everywhere he was received with marked demonstrations of respect and affection. At New Orleans, the mayor, in his address to the old general, embodied the sentiment of the American public; for although many were loud in their denunciations of the war, all agreed in according him the same meed of praise. "For such achievements, General, every true American heart, from one end to the other of the republic, is filled with gratitude and admiration. Wherever you direct your steps, upon any spot where the star-spangled banner triumphantly expands its folds to the breeze, you will find a nation's love to greet you; you will have a whole nation's spontaneous applause, extolling the splendor of your deeds, which your modesty would in vain endeavor to weaken in your own eyes."

From the battle of Buena Vista to the close of the war, General Taylor remained in a state of inactivity, and could only behold from a distance the triumphal march of Scott from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, without so much as drawing his sword once in all these gallant exploits.

At length a peace was conquered from Mexico, and General Taylor retired to his farm at Baton Rouge, full of honors as of years.

In **1848**, General Taylor was elected to fill the presidential chair, and was inaugurated on the 4th of March following. He survived his inauguration but little more than a year, when he sunk under his cares and responsibilites, and yielded up his spirit on the 9th of July, 1850. The fatigues of the camp, the dangers and hardships of many an ensanguined field, could not subdue the old chief; but the intrigues of a cabinet were too much for him, and he fell a prey to the cares and anxieties of his new and exalted condition.

General Taylor had a powerful constitution, a stout, large, straight, and muscular figure, which fitted him for sustaining labor and excitement. The vital and motive temperaments prevailed, giving coarseness and strength of texture, and adapting him to vigorous service in the open air, and less to purely mental and sedentary pursuits. The whole base of the brain was large, giving great animal force, energy of character, warmth of temper, power over opposition, thoroughness, courage, executiveness, strength of feeling, great presence of mind, self-possession, independence of action, unbending perseverance, determination, will, and positiveness of character. "General Taylor never surrenders," is the language of his life. He was an excellent personal financier, for he made a handsome fortune, and "never gave a note in his life, and died without owing a dollar."



ZACHARY TAYLOR.

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THE ISLAND OF SACRIFICE.

BY MADAME LE VERT.

From Padua we continued our journey onward to Venice. The railway passes through a well-cultivated country, embellished with villas of the nobility, half hidden amid large trees. Along the green fields were lines of crimson poppies and blue lakes, as it were, of some azure-hued flower.

The grape vines were not trained upon arbors or trellices, but permitted to climb the trees, from which they hung in graceful festoons. For miles and miles the country was planted with trees and vines, linked together. They reminded us of some of the dances of the Viennoise children, when they advanced up the stage bound together by wreaths of green, and all moving as by one impulse. Thus, when the wind touched the long, waving limbs, they seemed to advance towards us, as though impelled by music.

It was a beautiful afternoon when we crossed the viaduct, two miles in length, which connects the mainland with Venice. Midway is a small island, which may justly be called "the Island of Sacrifice." It was there the Venetians bravely repelled the Austrians for long and weary months. An Italian, who was our "compagnon de voyage," related to us many touching incidents of those terrible days of siege, sorrow and suffering. The records of history have never chronicled nobler sacrifices of human life for the love of country. Within the city, it was well known the defenders of that little island were doomed to almost certain death. Still the very flower of the Venetian nobility volunteered each morning for the perilous post, and each night brought "weeping and wailing" to the once happy homes, now desolated and darkened by the tidings of their death. Their places were quickly supplied by others equally as brave, and thus wore on the gloomy months until they numbered eighteen. Altho' famine prevailed in the city, there was no thought of yielding. But the cholera comes as the ally of the Austrians, and then the "sea girt city" succumbed to their united power. Ah! was there not a clear evidence in this long and fearful struggle of that same noble spirit which animated the Venetians in the glorious days of the Republic, when her ships were on all the seas, and the name of Venice was never mentioned save with the words 'great and rich' preceding it,

Sadly we gazed upon that Island of Sacrifice, as though it were an holy altar, made sacred by the blood of martyrs gushing from young and loyal hearts. Like a dark cloud over brightness of the European powers, must ever linger the bitter certainty, that calmly they looked on and saw the spirit of freedom crushed and trampled down by the remorseless Austrians. Vividly to my memory came those lines of Byron:

> "Thy lot
> Is shameful to the nations; most of all,
> Albion, to thee. The Ocean Queen should not
> Abandon Ocean's children."

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Napoleon's Personal Peculiarities.

Blackwood's Magazine for June gives some remarks on the personal characteristics of Napoleon III.:

He has gained friends as well as enemies by one most extraordinary faculty that he possesses—that of holding his tongue, and of doing so in the company of the most loquacious people in the world. A perfect undemonstrative man, some Frenchmen respect him for it; while others fear him, others hate him because he will not take them into his counsels; and many Englishmen again like him because he flatters the national vanity by being in many respects very like an Englishman. He is cold and reserved in his public demeanor; more cordial, say his friends, when seen in private. Certainly he does not "wear his heart upon his sleeve, for dews to peck at." He listens to all that is said to him and then takes his own course. He consults everybody and follows his own advice.

Again he has a good seat on horseback. Other Englishmen dislike him either because they ride badly themselves, or because, not being able to keep their own counsel, they hate a close character. Such causes of no greater weight, are perhaps more nearly the true causes of his unpopularity in England than any commonplace notions of his being the destroyer of the liberties of France. He had equally destroyed the liberties of France when he made his triumphal entry into London. The English press, at least in some of its leading organs, has undergone many phases of opinion concerning him; and he complained in his letter to Sir Francis Head of this conduct of the English press, by that very complaint showing that he had some regard to public opinion in England. If we venture ourselves to express an opinion regarding his character, we put it forth in all modesty, and wish it to be understood in as vague and general a sense as possible, feeling ourselves incompetent to take the measure of a man who is certainly not a ordinary man. It is our impression that he is a man whose general talent has been rather overrated than otherwise. He has doubtless a great power of will and undaunted courage, both physical and moral, and by that inestimable faculty of holding his tongue he is able to bide his time, observe circumstances, and thus make the most of them, and bring to bear on them, at the right time, all the faculties he possesses.

Perhaps his policy appears to be mysterious, simply because he has no policy at all, but is ready to abandon one course and adopt another, according as he stumbles against a barrier or drifts into an opening. Doubtless it is often the cause of success in life. Some men of unconquerable strength of will and great talent, get on, as it is called, by bending the world to their plans. Others do so by forming no plans at all in permanence, but fashioning and refashioning those they do form in the mould of circumstance; while the secret of ill success, even more often than in deficiency of ability, consists in not knowing whether one possesses the power to lead or whether one must be content to follow. Louis Napoleon is said to be a fatalist, and his extraordinary elevation would tend to confirm him in his fatalism. Before he takes any step, he seems to hold up his hand and see which way the wind is blowing, and whether the air comes against it hot or cold. But that holding of the tongue is his most admirable quality.

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THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—The solid rock, which turns the edge of the chisel bears, forever the impress of the leaf and the acorn, received long, long since, ere it had become hardened by time and the elements. If we trace back to its fountain the mighty torrent which fertilizes the land with its copious streams, or sweeps over it with a devastating flood, we shall find it dripping in crystal drops, from some mossy crevice, among the distant hills; so, too, the gentle feelings and affections that enrich and adorn the heart, and the mighty passions that sweep away all the barriers of the soul, and desolate society, may have sprung up in the infant bosom, in the sheltered retirement of home. "I should have been an atheist," said John Randolph, "if it had not been for one recollection; and that was the memory of the time, when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and caused me, on my knees, to say, "Our Father which art in heaven!"

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An Irishman in company, a few nights ago, seeing the lights so dim as to only render the darkness visible, called out lustily, "Here waiter bring us a couple of daycent candles, just that I may see how the others burn."

A gentleman, informed by a bill on a window of a house, that apartments were to be let, knocked at the door, and, attended by a pretty female, took a survey of the rooms. "Pray, my dear," said he smiling, "are you to be let with the rooms?" "No," replied the Fille de Chamber with vivacity, "but I am to be let alone."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

LIFE'S CHANGES;

OR,

Floy's Story.

BY JULIA SOUTHALL.

CHAPTER XIV.

LUCIEN D'ESSARS.

"Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit."
[*Shakespeare.*

When Mark Hamilton left his home in half angry contempt he walked on rapidly, as if motion would rid him of unpleasant thoughts.

"Marcus! Marcus! stop—wait!" cried a voice behind him, and a young man, Mark Hamilton's senior by a few years, came to his side.

He was not at all handsome, and his features were only redeemed from plainness by the singular beauty of his mild black eyes, yet there was an unstudied grace in every movement, and a manly dignity in everything he did or said that fully made up for the deficiency. Lucien d'Essars was an orphan and the sole heir to his father's immense estates and bank stocks, but, singularly enough, he had been a good and affectionate son and was a useful member of society. Lucien was a native of France; but his mother was an American lady, and to early care and pious training he owed, in a great degree, the virtues which distinguished him.

"Where are you going, in such a hurry?" he asked, as Mark fell into a slower pace.

"Why, I don't exactly know. To tell the truth, I was vexed with myself and angry with some other people, and I was just trying to get away from my own thoughts."

Lucien laughed. He had a fresh, musical voice, and his laugh was so ringing, rich, and cordial, that few who heard the sound could refrain from joining it. Marcus laughed too.

"I tell you, Lucien, you need'nt be so very much amused," he said, "I'm bothered, and I want your advice as to what I ought to do."

"Go ahead!" said Lucien, observing that he hesitated. Mark hemmed and swallowed.

"Well," he remarked, at length, "I've got a cousin, a real, noble-minded girl, so far as I can judge, and she is in a good deal of trouble. I'll tell you."

He then related to Lucien as much as he knew of Zillah's history ending with:

"Now, I don't positively know that my cousin will lose her situation through my step-mother's means, because I didn't stay to hear the end of the conversation, but I'm afraid she will. Of course, it would'nt do for me to offer to assist her, nor would she accept it from me, for she's as spunky as Beelzebub, from all I hear, but I want to make friends with the poor girl, for various reasons. In the first place, I admire her spirit; and perhaps you won't believe me when I tell you that she half supports cousin Alice, her step-mother. I know I should'nt tell such things of my family, Lucien, and I would'nt, to any one but you, but when I think about it, I *do* get so 'riled up,' as the Yankees say, that I could fight all creation!

"My next reason is, little Mamie loves her dearly, and has been teasing me for the last month to go with her to visit Zillah. Now, I'm not exactly my own master, yet, and my parents have positively forbidden Mamie or myself to visit and make an equal of this poor girl, and I'm just half inclined to take Mamie, and go anyhow."

"Certainly. It is your duty to call on your cousin, and no less your duty to encourage her by manifesting your regard and sympathy," said Lucien, gravely.—"She is certainly very energetic and resolute, and I am surprised at what you have told me."

"Oh! now, don't be looking pins and needles at me!" laughed Marcus, "because I did'nt have anything to do with it. And since *you* say I can 'cultivate' (how I hate the word,) since I can cultivate my cousin without stepping over the fifth commandment, I shall do so at once."

"Well, really," replied Lucien, "I don't see in what you would dishonor your parents or yourself by visiting your cousin, and acceding to your sister's request in cultivating her friendship. But here we are, at my hotel. Come right up to my room, Marcus. Emmett introduced to me yesterday a young lawyer, Leslie is his name, and a real good fellow, too, though he seems rather melancholy."

"*You* certainly ought not to find fault with him for that," said Marcus, as they entered Lucien's little "studio," as Marcus called it.

"Neither do I," rejoined d'Essars; "I admire him extremely for his jenuine piety, and goodness, as well as his amiability. I expect him here, pretty soon, with Emmett."

"Queer fellow, that Emmett," observed Marcus—"but an uncommon favorite with most people."

"Don't you like him?" asked Lucien.

"Not altogether. Do you?"

"I can't tell. I'm sorry for him," said d'Essars, thoughtfully. "It seems to me as though he had seen a great deal of trouble. But it don't matter, now. I want to introduce Philip Leslie at your house, before he leaves Richmond."

"When does he leave?"

"I don't know. He has English relations, and one of the nearest—a Lord Ashton—has recently died, and he has letters which oblige him to go to England, a trip for which he shows but little fancy. Here they are, now. I know Emmett's walk."

The door opened and the new comers were admitted. Saint Leger, or Captain Emmett, as he was known to Lucien and Marcus, was not habited in his wild hunting-dress, but clad plainly and neatly, and the long raven locks were shorn to a proper length. The disguise was complete, the whole expression altered.

"Ah! come in!" said Lucien, "Philip, you must know my friend, Marcus Hamilton. You will like each other; I know."

"And what's the matter with you, Emmett?" asked Marcus. "You look as sour as if you had been in love for a year."

"Is that the natural consequence of loving?" asked the gipsy.

"It is with some people," replied Marcus, "but I don't think it would have that effect upon me. What do you say, Mr. Leslie?"

"I should say it was a foolish business, at the best, and one that is well avoided;" answered Philip, quietly.

"You have a right to say so," thought Saint Leger; then addressing Lucien—"What is your opinion, M. d'Essars, on this all-important question?"

Lucien laughed.

"As I never experienced its effect, I can't say," he replied. "But I think possibly we could find a more interesting topic of conversation."

"I have a present for you, Lucien," said the outlaw, unclasping from his neck the hair chain that suspended the ruby cross. "Humor me by wearing this, and promise me that you won't marry until you find a girl who has its counterpart."

"I accept your gift with thanks," said Lucien, laughingly, "but as to looking for a girl with one exactly like it, I can't say. In the first place, I would'nt be likely to find her—"

"Yes, you will," interrupted the gipsy.

"Well, then, suppose she isn't handsome?"

"That isn't likely," said Saint Leger.

"Suppose I don't like her?"

"But you must."

"Maybe she'll like some one else better than she does me?"

"Oh! nonsense!" said the gipsy impatiently. "I'm not jesting. Promise me. You're heart-whole, ain't you?"

"Yes," laughed Lucien. "I promise."

CHAPTER XV.

THE PRICE OF PEACE.

"Ah! thou canst hide the smothered sigh
That heaves thy breast in festal hours;
They see no cloud in thy blue sky,
Nor feel the thorn beneath the flowers.
They cannot see the tears that flow
In solitude thy pale cheek o'er—
They do not know the bitter woe
Which thou must feel forevermore."

When Lord Hartledon and Marcella left Sutherland Hall they proceeded straight to England where they were married.—For a short time they were happy—brilliantly happy, like a beautiful flower with no perfume. Of course, it did not last.

When the intoxication of passion had passed away, each saw the other's character in its true light. Marcella was haughty, jealous, exacting; Lord Hartledon equally jealous, intensely selfish, and even prouder. Marcella thought with bitterness of the warm, untiring love of Philip Leslie, and remorse added its keen tortures to her regret; and Lord Hartledon remembered, with a wild, yearning tenderness which ever surprised himself, the simple, trusting love of Claire.

Each blamed the other as the cause of their present misery, and bitter recriminations ended in total estrangement. Marcella sought happiness in the whirl and excitement of society, and Lord Hartledon joined the wild pleasures of the club-room.

Finally, they concluded to travel.—France—Italy—Switzerland were traversed, but they remained longest in Italy. Here their child was born, called Venetia, for her birthplace was Venice.

She was a beautiful child, with eye of dark, violet blue, shaded by long, black lashes, tinged goldenly with brown. Her face was pure and pale as alabaster, the mouth small, exquisitely chiselled, and with an habitual, dreamy sadness, while a cloud of flosslike hair, soft and bright as the silk of the young corn, flowed in lustrious waves over the pearly brow and dimpled shoulders.

At first it was a link that drew them closer together, for the little Venetia was passionately beloved by both, but the second estrangement was wider than the first. The pure, delicate child looked wearily at the luxuries with which she was surrounded, and longed for a knowledge to which she could give no name. She sat, one day, in her mother's boudior, watching her listlessly as Lady Hartledon arrayed herself for a masked ball, wondering if her mamma ever thought as she did, about who made the beautiful clouds, and the glorious sun, the glittering stars, and the beautiful flowers.

Brasiea, her nurse, had told her all her little knowledge of the great Creator; and that, if she was a good child, and prayed nightly to the Virgin Mary, she would one day go to His home, a glorious place beyond the clouds, called heaven.

It filled the simple child with awe unspeakable. She wished to know more about this great God, who gave them everything, but who would tell her? Her mother knew, she thought, and she would ask her. Marcella did not hear the light foot fall at her side, until Venetia touched her gently.

"Stop a moment, Alida," she said to the maid. "What is it, my darling?"

"I want to know, mamma, where God lives," said the child, simply.

The rich light of the setting sun streamed through the stained glasses, and gathered like a halo round that gold-bright hair and pure, white brow, with the deep blue eyes so earnest.

"Great heaven!" cried the startled woman, "how like—how *very* like to Claire!"

"Brasiea said"—continued the child—"that He lived in heaven, and that heaven was above the clouds. Is that why they are so beautiful? Are those gold, and crimson, and purple clouds the curtains in the windows of heaven, mamma, and are stars the lamps of the angels?"

"My child!"

"Oh! tell me, mamma, *do* tell me," said Venitia, earnestly, "*did* He make the blue waves that fil the ocean, and did He tell the flowers to grow? Brasiea says they are the foot-prints of the angels; are they? And see, mamma, did God make this beautiful little humming-bird, and paint all its plumes so brightly? Tell me how he did it, please, wont you?"

The conscience-stricken woman covered her face and wept bitterly.

"Dont—dont, mamma," said the child "I wont speak of it again, if it hurts you."

She stole softly out of the room, and out upon a balcony over the liquid street, below, and with clasped hands she knelt and gazed reverently, wistfully, at the gorgeous Italian sky, longing so much *to know.*

"My bright birdie, why are you all alone?" said a voice at her side.

"Is that you, papa?" said Venetia, joyfully, "Look here, papa, at the glorious sunset. Please tell me all about who make the sunset, wont you? I asked mamma about God, but she only cried—so much!"

"Wait till you are older, Venice," said her father, with a trembling lip. "Then you can learn all you wish to know. *We* are not fit to teach you."

After this both parents avoided the child. The sight of her wistful eyes and pure, sweet face, seemed a reproach to themselves.

Again they travelled, wandering over the old world, enjoying all of comfort that wealth and position could give, yet utterly wretched, tired of themselves and each other. They went to Greece, and wandered among her ruined temples and stately columns; they dwelt in Calcutta, where swiftly-carried palanquins, dusky forms, and tropic shrubs and trees daily greeted the wandering eyes of little Venice; they went to China—back again to France—to Spain—to England again—to Scotland—and finally to England once more.

Marcella had her will. She was rich, high in position, flattered, and admired. Only to herself she said, dispairingly "I have learned the price of happiness too late."

TO BE CONTINUED.

From Harpers Weekly.

"SIGNS OF THE TIMES."

BY MARTYN PAINE, M. D., L L. D.

"Ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?"—*Matthew*, xvi. 3.

"Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number is Six hundred threescore and six."—*Revelation*, xiii. 18.

"None of the wicked shall understand; but the wise shall understand."—*Daniel*, xii. 10. Referring to the following events.

The passing events of a few late years have directed the attention of some observers to the prophecies that remain to be fulfilled; and although I have been long inclined to think that their consummation is near at hand, I do not intend to raise any alarm in the community. It is true that, when these events shall happen mankind will look on with great consternation, especially that portion which has been more addicted to the worship of earth than of Heaven. But I am apt to believe that this is the worst that can befall them, and that they will enjoy a compensation in a more lively appreciation of the divine origin of the Bible, and of a divine interposition in the affairs of the human race, and that prayer will cease to be a mere matter of form. Moreover, not only the Gentile but the Jew will bow to the awful solemnity of this new proclamation, for both of them will be equally included in the summons. I will say also, at the outset, that I do not profess to be "a new light," not even an interpreter of prophecy, but simply a commentator on passing events. Nevertheless, as a basis of my present speculations, I recur to some of the able interpreters who flourished more than a century ago, when all the "signs of the times" were totally against the conclusions at which they arrived in relation to those unfulfilled prophecies about which any sane man would think of speculating. The most reliable of these interpreters are Sir Isaac Newton and Bishop Newton; and, as I have intimated they are also the more entitled to our attention by the absence of all signs to guide them, and from having predicated their opinions entirely of Revelation, yet conceding that these prophecies can not be thoroughly understood until they are thoroughly fulfilled.

It may be next said that there remain four unfulfilled prophecies about which we have a right to speculate, and whose fulfilment, according to the foregoing interpreters, will occur in the following order: First, the overthrow of the Mohammedan power; second, of the Papal power; third, the universal diffusion of Christianity; fourth, the conversion and restoration of the Jews. Now the time of the fulfilment of these events could be accurately ascertained if the period could be fixed from which began the 1260 days of St. John, and the "time, times, and half a time" both of John and Daniel, which equally mean 1260 years, since it is not doubted by our authorities that the fall of the Ottoman and Roman powers will be nearly simultaneous, and at the expiration of the 1260 years, and that the two remaining events will happen at intervals of about 35 years afterwards. It may be also premised that we are said by these interpreters to be living under the "sixth trumpet," the end of which will be the total fall of the Ottoman power and the end of the "second *woe*," when the "third *woe* cometh quickly," consisting of the "seventh [and last] trumpet," which includes the "seven vials." This trumpet is properly the termination of the 1260 years, and pronounces the final doom of Rome, when "the wine-press will be trodden without the city, and blood come out of the wine-press, even unto the horses' bridles, by the space of a thousand and six hundred furlongs" (*Revelation*, xiv. 20); which has been ascertained to be exactly the distance from the walls of Rome to the River Po and the March of Ancona—the extent of the Roman States. The "seven vials of wrath" will be "poured out" in quick succession.

Now the point of difficulty is in ascertaining when the supremacy of the Pope was fully established, as here begins the reckoning of the 1260 years. Bishop Newton thinks it "appears to be most probable that it is to be dated from the year 727," though inclined, also, to the opinion that it may be the year 606, when the tyrant Phocas, by virtue of a grant to the Pope, established his supremacy, and especially, also, on account of the remarkable coincidence that it was in this year that Mohammed forged his imposture. These periods would bring the fulfilment of the first two prophecies either to the year 1866 or 1987, or thereabout. Sir Isaac Newton inclines to about the latter date, or that the year 755 may have been the beginning of the 1260 prophetic days, when the Papal power is also supposed to have been completed by the accession of the exarchate of Ravenna; while it is thought by others that this power was not fully confirmed till a little later, for as yet Rome itself was not temporally subject to the Pope, but was brought under the Papal yoke by Charles the Great. This event certainly completed the supremacy of the Church, and may be the critical period at which the 1260 years began.

The reader has now before him all the premises relative to the period so important for ascertaining the beginning of the fulfilment of the prophecies which lie in the future, and about which we are allowed to speculate. If Mohammed's forgery and the grant by the Emperor Phocas determine the time, we may look out, at any moment, for a hurricane from the last blast of the sixth and the beginning of the seventh trumpets. We may soon expect, I say, to witness, in the overturning of the Ottoman and Roman powers, something like that voice which "answered Job out of the whirlwind, saying, who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" Or, should the latest date be the true one, the most that can be anticipated of the foregoing nature will be a series of events increasing in significance till the grand *denouement* takes place about the beginning of the year 2000.

Other and later interpreters, who have been guided by the "signs of the times," have neglected entirely the order of events, and hence, among other fallacies, it was imagined that Napoleon I. was fighting in Italy the great battle of the Revelation. But here it was not considered that the universal spread of Christianity is to succeed that event within a few days, and there were no "signs" of "a consummation so devoutly to be wished." There can, indeed, be no well-founded speculation upon this occult subject until there shall appear *simultaneously* a combination of "signs" indicative of the near approach of the several events, excepting the conversion and restoration of the Jews, which is probably to depend upon the fulfilment of the antecedent prophecies; who, however, may be seen to be, by their isolated position, in constant readiness for their restoration to Judea. I say near approach, for the prophetic war in Italy is to be abrupt and Christianity is to be carried effectually among the heathen nations within thirty-five years after.

Hitherto, therefore, the requisite combination of "signs" has not existed; but let us see if there be not at present such a display of them as to justify an opinion that the present war in Italy is the war of Revelation. It is scarcely doubtful that Christianity will have overspread China, Japan, etc., within a brief period—certainly within half a century. But before that event can happen the Papal and Ottoman powers must have fallen, and the great battle have come off in Italy. The latter power is tottering, if not the former; and any day may bring us intelligence of a fatal revolution in the East, especially as it will probably be stimulated by the Italian commotions, and may be promoted by Russia and France. It is also worthy of remark that it is said by St. John that some of the Powers which had sustained the Roman Church shall ultimately turn against her (Rev. xvii 16, etc.); and Bishop Newton observes that, "*As the kings of France have contributed greatly to her advancement, it is not impossible nor improbable that, some time or other, they may also be the principal authors of her destruction.*" It is also very evident that the machinery of war and the present attitude of Italy are all that are necessary for the verification of this part of prophecy. But the main point to be considered, for the purpose of identifying any revolutionary movements in Italy and Turkey with the first in the series of the unfulfilled prophecies, relates to the present condition of Christianity. Is this religion about to overspread the earth? If so, then bloody conflicts must be near at hand in the dominions of the Pope and Sultan, unless the prophecies are misapprehended. What, then, are the "sings" relative to the phrophetic extension of Christianity? In the first place the Scriptures are translated into more than 160 languages, mostly within a recent period. Next, China and Japan are unreservedly opened to its propagation; and nearly the same may be affirmed of the entire heathen world. Many other incidental movements may be taken into the account; such as the docility of the heathen (the Bible for them and the sword for Antichrist); the general co-operation of the secular press in disseminating Christian knowledge, even the publication of this article in *Harper's Weekly;* the universal daily prayer-meetings; the Sunday-school system; the rapidly increasing co-operation of Christians for the dissemination of the Bible; the "running to and fro, and the increase of knowledge" [Dan. xii. 4]; the identification of the Protestant religion with the English language, and the probability that this language—the only "pure" one spoken—will soon be carried over the earth, thereby fulfilling Zephaniah's prophecy, which relates to the subjects before us, that the Lord "will turn to the people a pure language, that they may all call upon the name of the Lord, to serve him with one consent" (Zeph. iii. 9); the increase of benevolence and of the humanity of penal laws; the independence of private opinion in countries of enlightened institutions, and the increasing tyranny over private opinion in all countries where governments are despotic, thus leading to revolutions; the rapid extension and independence of the periodical press; the democratic character of the laws and institutions in the United States and Great Britain, as forming the ground-work of that universal liberty which must previal when mankind shall generally embrace the precepts of Christianity; the intimate, and therefore unstable, connection which the Roman Church has formed with despotic governments, and the intolerance of both; besides many other analogous considerations.

All this, however, does not prove by itself that a universal propagation of Christianity will take place, especially within an early day; but other things, to which the foregoing are preliminary, do. Among these other things are events as unexpected, and apparently providential, as the admission of Christianity into the entire heathen world. One of the most essential is the certain and rapid extension of commerce and the raising and mixing up of nations; and these events are made sure by the application of steam to the navigation of the ocean; the wonderful discoveries of gold and of coal; the settlement of the Pacific coast, of Australia, of the Pacific isles; the colonization of Africa; the railroad system; the electric telegraph; the expressage system; the cheap postage system—and the consequent rapid multiplication, in the future, of civilized Protestant man in all quarters of the globe; besides other recent tributary events which the foregoing will readily suggest.

In concluding this article, which has been hastily written at the request of the Messrs. Harper, it may be useful to state, in regard to St. John's Book of Revelation (which, in connection with its correspondencies with Daniel, engages so much of our faith in prophecy), that Sir Isaac Newton remarks of it—"I do not find any other book of the New Testament so strongly attested and commented upon so early as the Apocalypse." Irenæus, who flourished soon after St. John, and a disciple of his, supposing that the phrophetic "name of the beast" must be either Greek or Hebrew, ascertained that *Lateinos*, a name of the *Roman kingdom*, contains the number 666: thus, L—30, A—1, T—300, E—5, I—10, N—50, O—70, S—200=666. Subsequently the word *Remiith*, the Hebrew name for the *Reman beast*, or *Roman kingdom*, was found also to contain the same number: thus, R—200, O—6, M—40, I—10, I—10, TH—400=666. Upon this Bishop Newton has the following comment: "It is really surprising that there should be such a fatal coincidence in both names in both languages. Mr. Pyle asserts, and I believe he may assert very truly, that 'no other word, in any language whatever, can be found to express both the same *number* and the same *thing*;'" and here are *two*, from different languages, that correspond in the particular *number* and *thing* to which the prophet refers.

On the whole, therefore, if our premises be sound, we are clearly justified in the opinion that we are very near the time when the great battle of Revelation will be fought, since it is highly probable that Commerce will have carried Christianity and the one "pure language" over the earth before another half-century shall have expired.

New York, June 22, 1859.

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 15th, '59.

The battle of Solferino—The Austrian troops not disheartened—Departure of Mr. Buchanan—Fatal Accident at the Navy Yard—Black-mailing the Clerks—Important Arrest.

The news of the great battle of Solferino is almost the only subject of conversation here, and engrosses the attentive interest both of the politicians and the people at large. The terrible details, which are slowly coming in, stamp the action as one of the most sanguinary of modern times, although it may well be doubted whether the magnitude of the results of the victory will bear any proportion to the loss of life which it occasioned. The constitution of Austrian army is such that the disadvantages of defeat are limited to the positive decrease in the numbers of its soldiers. It is true, it has none of that impetuous zeal, none of that *esprit de corps*, which distinguishes the French regiments. But under reverses the phlegmatic and stolid indifference of the Teutonic character will undoubtedly prove of immense value to the Austrian cause, and the prudent old saying—

> "He that fights and runs away
> May live to fight another day,"

may have a modern application. Military men seem to be of opinion that the next great battle will be decisive. In this contest the French have beyond doubt gained *ground* and gained, what is of still more importance to them, *prestige*. But the disparity of the losses of the contending armies has been by no means so great as to leave much room for exultation on the part of the victors. Encumbered with prisoners and the wounded it is very certain that Napoleon cannot afford to win many such victories as that of Solferino.

The President of the U. S. will start on Monday for Bedford Springs. Quite a large company of Washingtonians intend starting for the same destination on that day.

A terrible accident happened yesterday at our Navy Yard during the regular gunnery practice. A sixty-four pounder which was being tested burst in the midst of a crowd of about eighteen men who were engaged in the work. Two were instantly killed and fourteen others were horribly maimed. The names of the killed were Messrs. Wilson and Nokes. The U. S. authorities have lavished every attention upon the injured men, who were distinguished for skill and general worth. It is believed that Congress will, on assembling, promptly place the families of the unfortunate individuals, who perished in this delicate and perilous service, upon the pension list. Such a course would be no more than just.

The Government Clerks, who form so large and respectable a class of our citizens, are lately complaining very loudly at the attempted extortion of the proprietor of the Executive Organ, the "Constitution," who has sent round his subscription lists accompanied by the Blue Book or official list of clerks and marked the name of each officer who has the independence to decline subscribing. The opposition papers are making very merry over this levying of black mail by the implied threat of dismissal, and remark justly upon the waning energies of a sheet, that must have recourse to such shifts to drum up subscribers.

John Charles Gardiner, who was some years ago indicted for perjury upon the famous Gardiner fraud case, in which his brother was concerned, and who forfeited his bail on that occasion, by going to Europe, has just turned up in this city It seems that he hoped that time would have obliterated the recollection of his crime; but in vain. He was arrested immediately on his appearance, and is now in jail, awaiting the action of the authorities.

Q.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH. N. C., July 18th.

The War in Europe—The use of the Bayonet—The New Bank progressing—Going to the Springs—Kittrell's—A New School—The "Young Men's Christian Association"—A Balloon.

Dear Times:—The recent battle of Solferino, or rather series of battles, fought at and around that insignificant village, telling, as they do, a most heart-rending tale of wo, carnage and dire destruction, have a deep moral significance of more wide-spread influence than even its heaps of shattered corpses can ever tell. The chosen legions of the Austrian despot retire in dismay before the chivalry of France and the long-pent fury of the Sardinians, directed by their patriot king. The charm which has enveloped the well-trained hirelings who upheld the banner of Hapsburg and guarded the fortunes of that House, has been trampled in the dust. The steps backward which despotism has thus been forced to take, we devoutly trust in the good providence of God, she may never be permitted to retrace. The Austrian soldiers have certainly proved themselves worthy of their foemen's steel—they have withstood well in almost every instance shot and shell; but when the struggle is man to man, bayonets to the front, they have been found wanting; this it is which ever proves the best soldier. Years ago at Waterloo, for instance, the great trial was, as Wellington said, "who could stand fire longest" and it may well be doubted if any body of men except British soldiers could have stood the "pounding" as long and as well as they did. But now, notwithstanding the improvements in rifled guns, which can kill a man two or three miles off, the brunt of the battle must ever be where two opposing tides meet at arms' length. Both in the Crimea and in Sardinia, the French have proved themselves the best soldiers in the world. Should they be brought into conflict with England, it is terrible to think of the consequences of the struggle. Possessed of so much strength, activity, courage, science and skill, it is very certain that none but the very best soldiers of England can hope to cope with them; it is probable that the English, man to man, are stronger, but in every other attribute the French are superior.

It would seem that our Government, noticing the fatal proficiency of the French in the use of the bayonet, Gen. Scott has issued orders, calling the attention of our army officers thereto, and directing that the men be more thoroughly drilled in the use of that terrible weapon and in target firing. We may need all we know one of these days.

The preparations for the new Bank are steadily progressing; the present Institution is already authorized to negotiate the sale of their banking houses; the stock certificates are on the point of being issued. and Adam's Express is daily bringing very large amount of gold; the vault of Bank of the State, in this city, has more than half a million and the bulk is daily increasing; it is quite a scene to see the Express messengers handling a moderate sized keg, of marvellous weight, and to know that it contains 75 or 100,000 of the pure stuff. The State's quota, $125,000, has already arrived. At the late opening of the bids for State bonds, in this city, they were taken at from 96 to par; $150,000 being disposed of at these rates; sales have since been made at 98 @ 99½ for small lots.

A number of citizens of both sexes continue to visit Kittrell's and at present this star is decidedly in the ascendant.—All agree in praising the excellent qualities of the water and in giving it all the virtues claimed by it, the accommodations are rather of the primitive order, but doubtless in a few years, it will be the favorite resort, at least for our citizens. Many astonishing cures are well authenticated as having been performed there. Meanwhile a spring which is said exactly to resemble the first named, has been discovered on Gov. Manly's plantation, a few miles from this city; measures have been taken to test the water and it has been pronounced of very superior quality.

Our two oldest Hotels have each taken a step upward in the tide of prosperity and a new lease of existence and more extended usefulness. Col. Yarbrough has bought the Hotel so long and so well known by his name, for some $15.000; while a company of gentlemen belonging to Mr. Skinner's church have bought Guion's, now Bain's, with the intention of converting it into a first class school for young ladies; Price $8.000, possession to be given this Fall. This is certainly a splendid bargain; the grounds are large; the buildings and out houses numerous and spacious, while the location, at once private and convenient, and fronting the Capitol and its beautiful square, presents many advantages. We shall be plentifully supplied with Female schools after a while; for very soon each of the prominent denominations of the State will be represented at the Metropolis. It may not be generally known that there are four churches around the Capitol Square, enough one would think to exercise a good influence on the legislators.

Rev. Dr. Mason delivered an excellent sermon by request of the "Young Men's Christian Association" at his church on Sunday evening last on the text: "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?" We need not say it was an able and philosophic discourse.

A handbill appears in our streets, announcing a Balloon Ascenscion to night, at 9 o'clock; your correspondent will certainly be on hand to chronicle the adventurous flight; if the aerial stranger should venture over your way you must look out for him; perhaps he may bring you a dispatch from,

P. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

PHILADELPHIA, July 11th, '59.

Dear Times:—The two principal objects just now absorbing the attention of the Keystone City are, first, the various proposed sites for a new depot, at tide-water, for the Pennsylvania Central Railroad; and secondly, the name of the new Mammoth Hotel structure at Ninth and Chesnut streets, originally chartered as the Penn Manor House, but privileged by a last act of the legislature to have the actual christening made under any new name which the fertility of metropolitan genius might adopt. The latter has been settled, and we breathe free again; the former has *not* been settled, and again we don't breathe free. Many names were suggested for the structure that already had its "local habitation," every citizen feeling it a duty he owed to the public to relieve himself of some title, through the columns of the press, etc., by which the great building might be identified, far and near, with this great city. The result was a "full line" of names a thousand times longer than Banquo's issue, and sufficient to keep all new Hotel Companies from starving for cognomens during the remainder of the century. The Keystone House, Cosmopolitan, Independence House, Philadelphian, Metropolitan, Declaration House, and others eminently patriotic, were suggested, and the one adopted at last was one that was "never a bit named at all"—to wit, *The Continental!* The name has given lots of satisfaction. It points to Philadelphia as the seat of the Continental Congress, the home of Washington and the Continental soldiery, and numerous other very Continental things.

The plan proposed for the *tunneling* of Callowhill street, and the erection of the great depots of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad at the Delaware point of that street, seems to meet with favor over all the rival plans suggested or offered. The project is one of the greatest in magnitude ever proposed. and only proves what Metropolitan ingenuity and enterprise are capable of accomplishing. The entire freighting business of this enormous corporation will be carried *under ground* for the distance of two or three miles directly through or beneath the very heart of the city, into the depots to be erected on the Delaware front of the city, thence to be shipped direct to Liverpool and every corner of the world. The single ground floor of the main depot will cover *eighteen acres!* Think of that, Mr. Times. Models and plans of the whole scheme have been on exhibition by the architect and author, and have been visited by thousands of citizens. Philadelphia skill has never been more advantageously displayed than in the extraordinary exhibition of this plan and its wonderful adaptedness to the desired end. The models and drawings alone cost the architect about four thousand dollars, defrayed from his private fortune. Isn't that public spirit?

As the war in Italy absorbs a great portion of public attention, your ten thousand readers will thank your correspondent for directing their attention to a capital and reliable Map of the Seat of the War got up in most excellent style by the well-known publishing house of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of this city. Next to reliable particulars of the conflicts as they occur, and the movements of the contending forces, it is absolutely essential to possess a correct map on a scale of sufficient size to include every town, village, and point that may be wanted for reference. Such a map is this of the Messrs. Peterson Brothers. It is nearly as large as a sheet, yet from the convenient manner in which it is folded is as portable as a snuff-box. The covers are as handsome as any book can boast of; and the whole arrangement, will be sent by the publishers, free of postage, on receipt of one dollar.

The current weekly issue in the cheap Waverley series of the Messrs. Peterson Brothers is that fine story of chivalry and the crusades, "Count Robert of Paris." Among brilliant stories of Knighterrantry Count Robert ranks with Ivanhoe and The Talisman. This whole series of books, which numbers all of Scott's novels, is the cheapest ever published in this country. Think of an entire Waverley novel, covering nearly one hundred and fifty pages, being sold for twenty-five cents, and sent free of postage, on receipt of the price, to any part of the country. Or the whole series, neatly done up in twenty-six books, and covering over 3000 pages, will be sent for five dollars!

The ninth weekly number, and second monthly part, of Charles Dickens' new serial, "All the Year Round," have just been issued by Messrs. J. M. Emerson & Co., New York, and Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. "Household Words" has been incorporated with this journal, which now has a weekly circulation of one hundred and fifty thousand copies. Dickens' own admirable novel, A Tale of Two Cities, is continued in it from week to week, and a strong corps of contributors including, Barry Cornwall, Leigh Hunt, Wilkie Collins, William and Mary Howitt, Adelaide Procter, and Mrs. Gaskell, author of the Bronte Memoirs, aid in giving a tone and variety to the work. Sent by mail by either of the publishers at $2.50 per annum, or single weekly parts will be sent at *five cents*, or the monthly numbers at twenty-five.

The claims of "Russell's Magazine," published monthly at Charleston, S. C., by Messrs. Russell & Jones, at $3.00 per annum, have often been presented in "The Times," but often repeated encomiums are no more than so excellent and worthy a periodical deserves. The July number presents a varied and delightfully agreeable table of contents. Trescott's Oration, and the papers on Aztec Civilization, and the Numancia of Cervantes, are far above the average of magazine articles. An abundance of light reading, tales, poetry, etc., may also be found in the number.

"Littell's Living Age," always a favorite, is unusually popular just now, with its fine weekly portrait gallery of *steel engravings*, (a rarity in magazines now-a-days,) and its full list of articles on the War, gathered from leading English, French, and other journals. Readers, at a distance from cities, who cannot take all the papers, cannot too highly appreciate this latter feature. The full variety of light reading is also kept up. Messrs. C. Littell, Son & Co., Boston, are the publishers, who will mail single numbers on receipt of 15 cents, or the work regularly at $6.00 per annum.

The "Historical Magazine," published at $2.00 per annum, by C. Benj. Richardson, Esq., New York, is issued with punctuality and uniform excellence. This fine publication is the "Notes and Queries" of America, and devoted to the preservation of whatever refers to the Antiquities and Early History and Geography of the country. It is the only periodical of the kind published; and historical and antiquarian students, of whom North Carolina possesses a number, could not possibly desire a better.

I subscribe myself, dear Times,
Your friend, ANTHRAX.

* * *

FROM NEW MEXICO.—There was much consternation at Sonora at the rise of the Apata and Yaque Indians, who are defeating the Mexican Government troops, and advancing on the settlements.

A bitter contest is anticipated in New Mexico between Mr. Otero and Judge Watts for the delegateship.

Since the capture of Mazatlan by Pesquiera there has been shipped to San Francisco from Mazatlan, Guaymas and Manzanilla, silver to the amount of $11,000,000, while half as much more has probably been smuggled away by the British war vessels on the coast.

* * *

DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA.—Hon. W. M. Mills, late mayor of the city of La Salle, Ill., a highly esteemed citizen, died on the 7th ult., of the terrible disease of hydrophobia. He was recently bitten by his small household pet dog, which he was fondling at the time, and which proved to be rabid, and the disease became violently apparent in a few days and he died of its dreadful effects.

* * *

ONE OF MARION'S MEN.—At the fourth of July celebration in Ironton, Missouri, Capt. John Hall, one of Marion's men, was present. He is a native of North Carolina, and will be 99 years of age on the 21st of September next. He supports himself by making brooms and baskets, and has never received a pension, though he fought gallantly during the Revolutionary war, and distinguished himself at the Battle of Guilford Court House, N. C., March 15, 1781, where he was lieutenant of a company.

* * *

THE GUBERNATORIAL ELECTION, IN VA.—John Randolph Tucker and Robert L. Montague, each received 3,000 votes more than John Letcher.

* * *

There is a man by the name of Hyde in Cincinnati who is 110 years of age, has been married seven times.

WATSONVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY. *Alamance County, N. C.*

DR. E. F. WATSON, *Proprietor.*
MISS C. KUMMEL, *Teacher of Music, French and German Languages.*
MISS C. M. SHELLY, *Teacher of Mathematics and Higher English Branches.*
MISS N. V. M. WATSON, ———— } *Assistants.*

The 11th session will commence on the 2nd Thursday in July next. The School is entirely under the supervision of the Proprietor, and he is determined to give Young Ladies, who may patronize it, every advantage for obtaining a good education, while they enjoy the comforts of a home in his own family. The experience of the Teachers engaged is a sufficient guarantee for the faithful discharge of their respective duties, in the various departments under their charge.

Terms per Session of Five Months.

Board, ...$30.00
Elementary English, ...6.00
Higher English 10.00
French and German, each.........................5.00
Music on the Piano and Melodeon, each...18.00
Oil and Grecian Painting, each.................10.00
Drawing and Painting in water colors, each..5.00
Wax Flowers and Leather work, each...........5.00

Post Office, Watsonville, Alamance Co., N. C.
June 17th, 1859. 26—4w

GREENSBORO' FEMALE COLLEGE—GREENSBORO', NORTH CAROLINA·

FACULTY.

Rev. T. M. Jones, A. M., President, and Professor of Natural Sciences and Belles-Lettres.
S. Lander, A. M., Treasurer, and Professor of Latin and Mathematics.
Theo. F. Wolle, Professor of Music.
W. C. A. Frerichs, Professor of Drawing, Painting, and French.
Mrs. Lucy Jones, Miss Bettie Carter, Miss E. E. Morphis, } Assistants in Literary Departm'nt
Miss A. M. Hagen, Miss L. C. Van Vleck, Miss M. A. Howlett, Miss Pattie Cole. } Assistants in Music.
Rev. J. Bethel, Mrs. J. Bethel, Miss M. Jeffreys. } Boarding Department.

Terms per Session of Twenty-one Weeks.

Board, including furnished rooms, servants' attendance, washing, fuel, &c., (lights extra) $50; Tuition, $20; Incidental Tax, $1; French, $10; Latin or Greek, $5; Oil Painting, $20; other styles in proportion; Music on Piano, $22,50; Music on Guitar, $21; Graduation Fee $5. The regular fees are to be paid one half in advance.

The Collegiate year begins on the last Thursday in July, and ends on the second Thursday in June.

The winter uniform is Mazarine blue merino, and straw bonnets trimmed with blue: summer, plain white jaconet. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, or elsewhere, under any circumstances whatever.

For further information apply to the President. (11—1y)

FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL,
High Point, N. C. Railroad, 15 miles West of Greensborough.

Rev. N. McR. RAY, *Principal*, with efficient assistants.

The next Session of this Institution will begin the 1st, Monday in August. Its patronage and prospects are such as to render it probable that we shall not be able to accommodate all applicants with board in the Institution.—Those who desire therefore to board in the Institution would do well to apply soon. Arrangements have been made to accommodate any number in private families. The undersigned and his family dwell in the Institution Instruction is given in all the branches taught in the best Female Institutions. We have apparatus, new Pianos &c. The expenses are less than at any other Institution of the same character in the State. Board alone and the English Branches $40 to $55 per session. Latin and Greek each $7,50. French $5. Ornamentals very low. *Board and half the tuition required in advance.*

☞ *30 Young Ladies will be received and credited for tuition until they can teach and pay for it.* ☜

Wanted Situations for *Southern Female Teachers.* For full information address,
REV. W. I. LANGDON, *Proprietor.*
June 27th 1859.

Good Times Come at Last.

THE BEST, CHEAPEST AND MOST ELEGANT STOCK OF READY MADE **SPRING** and **SUMMER Clothing** has been received by the undersigned. Our stock consists of Coats, Pants, Vests &c., made in the latest style and in a superior manner to any that has ever been shown in this country. Also Hats, Boots, Shoes, Shirts, Collars, Drawers, Watches, Jewelry, Pistols, Portmonies, Knives, Umbrellas and Carpet Bags, in fact everything that is necessary in a Gents' large furnishing Store.

These goods were bought and will be sold at prices defying competition.

Come and give us a call and you will not leave dissatisfied. S. ARCHER & CO.

Spring, 1859.

Those indebted to S. Archer, or S. Archer & Co., are hereby earnestly requested to make payment.

COMMON SCHOOLS.

SPRING DIVIDEND FOR GUILFORD CO.

Dis.	*Amt.*	*Dis.*	*Amt.*	*Dis.*	*Amt.*	*Dis.*	*Amt.*
1	$24 75	21	$24 75	41	$16 83	61	$16 83
2	23 10	22	21 12	42	39 60	62	26 73
3	30 69	23	42 90	43	30 69	63	22 44
4	37 06	24	29 70	44	18 15	64	18 48
5	39 27	25	25 74	45	25 41	65	17 16
6	25 41	26	24 42	46	25 41	66	20 46
7	32 34	27	33 66	47	18 15	67	21 78
8	23 43	28	39 60	48	35 31	68	22 11
9	27 39	29	28 05	49	15 84	69	9 99
10	30 36	30	40 92	50	49 17	70	13 20
11	23 10	31	29 04	51	14 19	71	35 97
12	18 81	32	23 37	52	28 99	72	22 77
13	18 15	33	39 60	53	23 10	73	29 04
14	21 78	34	46 86	54	35 31	74	22 11
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NATHAN HIATT, Chairman.

June 24, 1859—jy9–4w.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, July 23, 1859.

C. C. COLE,
J. W. ALBRIGHT. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

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J. STARR HOLLOWAY,
Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY,
J. WOODRUFF LEWIS,
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INA CLAYTON.
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GRIFFITH J. McREE.
and others.
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Mrs. DI VERNON,
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Mrs. E. C. LOOMIS,
JULIA SOUTHALL,
H. A. DWIGHT,
J. C. FITZ GERALD
and others.

Souvenirs of Travel.

The above is the title of two most charming volumes of travels by Madame Le Vert. We have spent delightful hours in their perusal, interested in the places and persons described, and in the beautiful language of description. We have never read a volume of travels, written in more beautiful language and fascinating style. Whether attending one of the Queen's parties, driving through Paris on a gala day, sailing down the Danube, crossing the Alps, we see, think and feel with the writer, so life-like—so real—so vivid she paints everything that passes under her observation.

Madame Le Vert made two trips to Europe, the last in 1855. Much of her time was spent in visiting that portion of Europe now attracting the attention of the civilized world. Her descriptions of the people, their manners, their customs; their civil and social conditions, the cities, the rivers, the mountains and places of note, whether from their antiquity or from being the scene of some great battle, are all given in that easy, flowing style, so peculiar to Madame Le Vert, and so fascinating to the reader. These volumes are published in Mobile, the city in which Madame Le Vert lives, and possess even an additional interest now during the European war, as they give an insight to many things connected with the war, not obtained elsewhere. We cannot commend two more charming volumes to our readers.

◆

WILMINGTON COMMERCE.—We learn from the wilmington Herald, which gives a table of exports from that place, that for the year ending June 30, '59, there is an increased export of 2,900 bbls. turpentine over the same time last year and that for the quarter beginning January, 59, there, was an increase of 5,600 bbls. for the first six months of this year over that of the last.

In Rosin there is an increase in the first two quarters of this year over that of '58 of 100,000 bbls. Cotton has fallen off 2,000 bales compared to the same time last year. There has been considerable falling off in Lumber, Rice, Wheat and Flour.

◆

AGAIN ELECTED.—Stephen A. Benson has been elected for the third time to the presidency of the black republic of Liberia without opposition.

◆

☞ In Austria no one can receive a license to marry unless he is able to subscribe his name with his own hand to the certificates.

◆

POPULATION OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.—The Washington (D. C.) Star, estimates the population of that city at from 75,000 to 80,000.

POETICAL GALLERY.

A GALLERY OF SUMMER PICTURES.

The good old English Pastorals of John Gay, Suckling, Wither, and the long line of worthies who poetized every hawthorn hedge, and daisy, and skylark, in Merry England, abound in seasonable landscape pictures the most happy and successful, because the most simple and natural. Browne's Britannia's Pastorals, like the songs of his friend George Wither, are full of exquisite touches, and will never weary him who can expatiate over a rural subject, "like a meadowy tract of country, finding out the beautiful spots, and gratified if not enchanted with the rest." But there is one summer picture which will be lastingly enshrined in every enthusiast's gallery. It is by no less an author than Milton, and the extract which we select as suited to our purpose is the crowning beauty of that fine poem, L'Allegro:—

"—— Hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, *startle the dull night,*
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack or the barn-door
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the *slumbering morn,*
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high-wood echoing shrill;
Sometimes walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great I am begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures,
Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daises pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighboring eyes."

This is sufficient for the purpose of our picture. Every reader is aware that the entire remainder of the poem abounds in these pastoral elegancies; indeed, as it approaches the end it culminates so grandly that did we continue to copy it, we should be under the necessity of italicizing every word.

Rare old Ben Jonson, has given us this sweet picture of the night, To Cynthia:—

Queen of hunters, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid asleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep,
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heav'n to clear when day did close,
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright,

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying heart
Space to breathe how short soever,
Thou, that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright!

While the odd conceits and quaint language of Chaucer's time have become extinct so far as relates to recent poetry, there are still rural poems painted by Nature's true worshippers between which and the old the most exactingly severe criticism, on the grounds of simplicity, naturalness, and harmony, may consistently draw a parallel. "The New Pastoral," by our favorite Philadelphian Painter Poet, Thomas Buchanan Read, is one of these, abounding in a succession of the most graceful and truthful pictures. Here is a gem:

"Now blooms the orchard, and the noisy bees
Sing like a wind among the snowy limbs;
The occupants of neighboring garden-hives
Are there in full *communities* to share
The odorous El Dorado; and the wasp
Dropping his long legs like a flying crane,
Lights on the flowers, and with his ready sting
Threats the intruder. There the bumble-bee
Comes booming, and departs with laden thighs.
The yellow-jacket, small, and full of spite,
Bedeck'd in livery of golden lace,
Comes with the fretful arrogance of one
Who plays the master though himself a slave;
And over all, the Tyrant of the hour,
The kingbird, hovers, darting on his prey;
And takes the ventured argosy of sweets,
Then boasts his conquest on the adjacent branch
Where like a pirate hauled against the wind
He waits another sail. From limb to limb
The birds which here delight to build their nests,
The blue-bird, and the robin, and the small
Gray wood-pecker—now flit among the flowers,
Until the year is full of life and song,
As it is full of perfume——."

The truthfulness of this picture, its quiet beauty, and above all the faithfulness of its comparisons, has never been excelled—rarely equalled.

We have space for one more picture, from another young and rising American poet, Richard H. Stoddard:—

In-doors in a summer day, like this,
I pine with a fancied wrong,
But out in the sunshine, out in the wind,
My soul is a falcon strong.

The brave bright sun so merry and old—
He lends his strength to my wings,
And I soar till I see the golden gate,
Where the lark at morning sings.

But let my lady summon me back,
I come, as a falcon should,
Out of the sunshine, out of the wind,
And yield my eyes to the hood.

This is truly a delicious poem. And how admirably the pretty conceit of the falcon, to which the poet compares himself, is carried over to the final verse.
J. S. H.

CHARITY.

In the name of Charity many an act is done, which redounds most sacredly to the joy of many a sorrow-laden heart. Tears are checked by her hand, and heavy clouds are dissipated by her gentle influence. Wherever we go, there we see the impress of her ways, written in language of love and goodness. Humanity, without her aid, would become cold and stolid, and the wheels of civilization soon cease to revolve, or move onward in that steady progression which, in this age, is her chief characteristic. The pulpit, the bar and the press, have become endued with her spirit, and every where, and over and above all things, the power of her kindness has spread, gathering together the fragments of many a broken heart in one grand and loveiable restitution. The poor mother, wearing the dull, black robes of widowhood, with her little babe clasped most fondly to her breast, has found a friend in Charity, and so, the poor girl whose fingers have plied the needle till a soul has almost been driven from the world. In every quarter of our land, steadfast sympathizers for the oppressed and unfortunate have sprung up; charitable institutions stud the bosom of every State, and the sweet voice of gratitude sweels upon every breeze. The world has grown wiser and better than it used to be; the age of absolute want and poverty has passed away. Christianity is more intelligently understood than formerly, and the hearts of men, utilitarian as the "fast age" may have made them, are filled with a kind of sympathetic goodness which never existed in any other century but the one in which we live. The principles of Charity are now correctly understood and applied. May they so be forever.

◆

WRITTEN FO THE TIMES.

To Ina.

BY IRA.

Not where Circassia's mountains boom
A beetling wonder to the sky,
Where queenly women ever bloom,
And heaven's azure tints the eye—
Nor where Castilian maidens rove
With raven tresses flowing free,
Whose creed it is to "live and love,"
May dwell the maid that rivals thee!

No gentle fair of old romance,
Who walked, the pride of noble line—
Whose love-compelling, lustrous glance
Grew softer 'neath the harp divine,
Who listened to the ringing lay,
By errant bard at even sung,
Of hopeless love and crested fray,
Until the tears of pity sprung—
No maiden such, though fair she be—
May bear the palm, sweet girl, from thee!

And may I stand a-gazing far,
Upon thy matchless loveliness!
As one who dreams beneath a star,
And wonders at its loftiness;
And as that Star, with gentle glow,
May on its rapt adorer shine,
Cans't thou one loving glance bestow
On him who kneels before thy shrine?

◆

Piccolomini is singing at Drury Lane London.

◆

Letcher's majority in Virginia is 5,470

◆

One of our exchanges says a bill is pending in one of the western legislatures to empower women to make contracts.—They should by all means be authorized to contract—they have been expanding too much.

◆

In this world, full often, our joys are only the tender shadows which our sorrows cast.

Our Own Gossip.

EDITED BY "PONINGOE."

Amidst the popping of fire-crackers and the incessant "bang, bang" of infantile cannons, we commence this number of the 'Gossip.' The 'gelorious' Fourth has arrove; the great spread-eagle of liberty has flown aloft; the 'stars and stripes' are swelling on the sulphurous breeze; the 'Calathumpian Brass Band' are discoursing the most rheumatic music; ten thousand stump orators are laying their hands upon their patriotic hearts; cracked church-bells are making miserable attempts to be harmonious; the 'sogers' are out; the whole world seems attacked with a chronic confusion, and the prevailing topic of inquiry is, "Has the war in Italy arrived, *or* has it not?" Just at this time comes to us a letter from 'Jerry Jones,' in which we find the following disquisition on

PHRENOLOGY.

UP-IN-VARMOUNT, Jewli 1st.

Mister Gossip:—Eye am dezirous ov sain' sumthin tew yu on thee subjick of freeknologee —a subjick sartanely of grate importens 2 everybody in sich a yewniversal land ov thee phree & hum ov thee brave az this magniphecent guvernment ov hours jest now happins 2 B. We halve lately had a exebishun, up hear, bi a man wot iz sed tew understand thee biziz ov pheelin' ov heds rite up tew thee handul. He charged a shilling fur goin in tew see big wunders (children & baybees ½ price,—so eye went and seed him 'kordingli and let him feel ov my probossis (that iz my kranium) which he seamed veri gladd 2 dew. He maid a speech 2 kommens with and after that he begun 2 zamine the top-nots ov awl them wot woz agreabul 2 it. One feller sot down 2 hev his bumps reconnoytered & the prowfessor kept pheelin ov them saim bumps fur 'n 'our or more. Bi and bi thee congrogashun growed weery and asked thee wunderphul freenologyst wot he had 2 say. Thee prowfessor lookt around & did not say a word. But the audiens koodn't stand this so thay katekized him agin, and axed him to say sumthin ef posseybul. "Well, ladiz and gentulmen," sez he, "I'll be hanged ef thar is ennything tu say." This made the fokes larff and the feller what was bein feeled ov got mad as a hungri dorg & kussed the perfessor & everybodee els ski-hi. Now, eye don't beleve mutch in thee siens of wich eye am treaten, and ef I kould hev had mi way eye would 've rid the freenologyst on a rale fur humbuggin the larnid peepul wot exzist up in this eentel-eyegent kommunitee. It's a noffal supperstishun & know moar, this bizniz of runnin the firgus over a fellar's bumps, and looks to mee about the saim az thee pheelosofee ov sperrityual-ism. I wish, frum the bottum ov mi hart that it kood bee put er stopp 2.

Yours bumpously, JEREMIAH JONES

P. S. Eyme goin to Sarah Toger thys summar, ef eye kin & ef I find the perfessor thar wen eye gits thar ey'l pheel ov his head with a curry comb or sumthin els quite as omnipotent.

JERRY J.

There's pluck for you! If everybody would take such a firm stand as 'Jerry' has 'took' against humbug, we are sufficiently credulous to believe that it wouldn't be a great while before everything wearing a color of deception would go where all such obnoxious things *ought* to go. However, we would advise 'Jerry' to practice those ten 'bumps' of his which are located about mid-way between his wrists and finger-ends, before he encounters the 'perfessor.' We shall keep our eye on the news from 'Sarah Toga,' almost continually, from now until the season is over, 'Jerr,' in expectation of reading something like this:

A FIERCE ENCOUNTER.—Yesterday afternoon while Professor ——, the celebrated Phrenologist, was walking along the main street of this place, he was most diabolically attacked by a monster in human shape, who struck the Professor on the head with a curry-comb several times, causing several severe contusions and chopping the left ear completely off. The brute who made the assault managed to escape, and has gone where even the police do not know. We learn that his name is Jeremiah Jones, and that he is somewhat known as a writer for the press. What instigated him to the deed we have been unable to learn. A reward has been offered for his arrest.—*Sarah Toga Bugle.*

If we don't see something of that sort we will be most agreeably disappointed. And now, Jerry, good-bye for this week........A new correspondent knocks at our sanctum door, and asks permission to enter. We sincerely bid the writer welcome, upon which *she* (not he) submits to our consideration the following poetical production, which we pronounce pathetically pungent:

A SONG OF WOE.

1.—Come listen to my song of woe,
I sings right to the point, you know,
For broken-hearted is my fate,
A damsel who did love to late.

2.—I fell in love with Mr. Squirt,
Who only is a well known flirt,
And when he found that I loved him
He never came to me again.

3.—I tore my hair, I broke my combs
And up and down the world I roams
In search of him who brought me woe
And lots of anguish here below.

4.—Hard is my anguishes to bear;
I sighs and cries with foul despair;
A suicide I shall become,
Unless dear Squirt come jogging home.

We did'nt learn the name of the delicate lady who handed us this fine poem, which we very much regret, because her name should not remain a prisoner within the jail of obscurity, and then what an honor it *would* be to announce that, "the author of the greatest poetical production of the day ("The Song of Woe") we are happy to make known to the literary world, is Miss Clementina Sassafras, daughter of Hon. Softshell Sassafras of Kansas." After all, seriously speaking, one half of the poetry (so called) which works itself into print now-a-days isn't a whit better than that given above, which we present more as a specimen of the 'common run' of newspaper verse than for any *striking sentiments* it may contain........ 'Rob Roy' is 'on time' this week with a chapter on

BENEVOLENCE.

Dear Gossip:—I believe in benevolence. I know that if it were not for charity and kindness of heart, this world of ours would be a miserable place to live in at the best. Suicides would increase and the dead-houses of our large cities would reap heavy crops of mortality every day. Thank heaven, there are those living who do all they can to help on the poor folks. They sow flowers in many a thorny path and place the sunlight of hope in many a dismal heart. God bless such people, I say. They are the counterpart of angels. Wherever they go smiles are scattered and tears of joy gain complete victories over pains and sighs. It seems to me that God has implanted within the natures of such good beings, something far better than the brightest of talents or finest of geniuses—for with all his intellect a man may be a brute and a tyrant. May the work of benevolence go on, blessing many, and lifting the down-trodden from the slough of Despond up into the pure atmosphere of Faith, and placing them upon the rock of Prosperity.

ROB ROY.

So say we, 'Rob.' 'Keep the ball a rollin'' now that it is fairly on the 'go,' and if it don't make the world better and happier, then 'twice two aint four'—that's all.........Somebody who signs himself 'A Bummer,' sends us the following account of a performance which came off a few evenings ago, in one of the streets of the 'Empire City.' It runs thus:

Dear Gossip:—I was never 'tight' but once in my life, and that was only a few nights since. I never felt so funny in all my existence. I started out from a friend's about midnight, and endeavored to make my way up the Bowery. But judge my condition: everything was doing its best to dance 'the Lancers,' and one lamp-post in particular seemed bent on going through a 'Highland fling' No sooner did I go to one side of the street than the other side seemed going down, on a subterranean exhibition, to the land of the Celestials, and I making at a miraculous speed towards that region of 'somewhere,' which is called by geographers *nowhere.* I threw my arms around a barber's pole and mistook it for my wife, while a barrel of ashes standing near by looked for all the world like the ghost of Hamlet in disguise. I then made for a monstrous giant which was approaching me, but it turned out to be one of the large lamps in front of the 'Westchester.' Drunk as I was I felt conscious of having been 'sold.' My next move was for an adjoining corner, and so steep did the hill seem to be between me and the corner in question, that I sat down and tried to slide across the street. It was no go, however, and the first thing I knew was that I was going just the contrary way. I fetched up in a cellar, scarring the inmates almost to death, and receiving the ball of a Derringer through my hat. By the aid of a pair of boots (the owner of which I could make out) and a broomstick, I regained my recumbent position on the sidewalk, where I sat for sometime in a state of perfect resignation. Soon, however, I made another bolt, and this time I brought up with my head sticking through a pane of glass in one of the windows of a furnishing store. The buzzing of something like lead about my ears caused me to withdraw my head from the ruptured glass, and put off in the direction in which I supposed my residence lay. This time I succeeded in making considerable headway, for I soon found myself in Broadway on a straight wake for home. On I went without meeting the slightest obstruction till I fetched up all standing against a fat, chubby substance, which turned out to be the keeper of a Lager Beer Saloon. The collision was immediately followed by a floundering of myself in a box of greens, papers and ashes that was standing most impudently by the wayside. I succeeded in regaining my foothold, however, and on I started again. This time I kept up steam a good while, gaining a good distance of my journey. At last a sweet feeling came over my brain, and I was at home sleeping as soundly as possible. When I awoke in the morning, judge my astonishment at finding myself in the *Tombs*, minus watch, coat, hat, boots, vest, pantaloons, indeed, minus everything except that article of clothing which I would not mention for anything. Such was my first 'tight,' and I am bound it shall be my last.

Yours, with determination,

'A Bummer.'

If 'A Bummer' only remains true to his determination, he'll never be sorry for it. The pleasure of getting 'tight' is a questionable one, at best, and, then, there are so many pains, headaches and sorenesses which invariably follow a night of dissipation, that we, for our sake, prefer sobriety to the jolliest of 'sprees.' We always pity the drunkard, and never see or think of one without bearing in our mind the words of that old song, which says;

"The crown of my hat, it goes flip, flip, flap.
Just look at my rum-blossom'd nose!"

.........'Elmira sends us the piece of verse which follows, and which, in a neat little note that savors of perfumery, she informs us she recently received from her 'beau.' Here it is:

TO —— ——

I.

Elmira, the star of my glory,
I gaze like a lover on thee,
For I know that there dwells in thy bosom
The light of thine own love for me.

II.

When the shadows grow deeper and deeper,
I walk out alone, but I know
That still thou art with me in spirit,
And will be wherever I go.

III.

Oft-times when the evening is passing
Most silently over this sphere,
As I sit by the musical river,
Thy sweet voice comes unto my ear

IV.

And I know as I sit thus a musing,
As still as a sleep-conquered dove,
That our souls tho' apart hold communion
Thro' the spiritual medium of love.

V.

Elmira, the star of my being,
There's power divine in thy kiss,
It imparts to my bosom a sunshine,
And illumines existence with bliss.

VI.

May thy love from me never be taken.
Tho' time may allot thee its strife,
May thy smiles be, as now, ever blessed—
Elmira, the star of my life.

We don't know what 'Elmira's' feelings were when she read the above, but if she was 'tickled' then she is a queer girl, anyhow.........Here we present a sketch from *sweet* 'Jenny Mayflower.' Its subject is

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Dear Gossip:—I am determined to write upon the subject of the real rights of women. *First*, Woman has the right to be loved—*sincerely* loved; *second*, she has the right to exercise her mind just as much as man; *third*, she has the right—the absolute right—to spin Caudle lectures to her husband if he has been out late and where he hadn't ought to be; *fourth*, she has the undeniable right to *vote*—that is, when she votes against the practice of shiftlessness in her better-half; *fifth*, she has the right to represent her intellect as it ought to be; and, lastly and *sixthly*, she has the right to be good when she is bad, and to refuse to sew buttons on her husband's pantaloons if he don't behave as he should. So you see, Dear Gossip, I am out for the rights of woman, and I don't care whether you like it or not. It is all the same with Jenny Mayflower.

Ah, Jenny, Jenny! we admire your spunk; we glorify the confidence you have in your own sex. May you live long enough to make 'Rome howl' and the opponents of your views to 'see stars,' is *one* of our earnest prayers. Double up your fists and pitch right in, hit right and left; bring out the 'dogs of war;' shake the ground of error to the very centre; raise the liberty pole of Woman's Right; fling out your crinoline to the breeze; turn your Pompadour waists into round-jackets and your petticoats into Turkish 'trowserloons;' shoulder arms, present bayonets, and fire, and if, after all that demonstration, you miss the bull's eye, may Stephen H. Branch be made President of these United States.........Here endeth the Gossip for this week, so, one and all, *adios*.

◆

Provoking.

"The *Wilmington Herald* says:

It is really provoking, to have, in your absence, your office, or place of business visited—papers displaced, pencils carried off—pens broken and other little pleasant jokes similar to these perpetrated. It is really provoking, we say. It is enough to make one angry."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Face Against the Window Pane.

BY INA CLAYTON.

In a time-worn cottage over the way
Both in sunshine and in rain,
One may see a lovely maiden's face
Pressed against the window pane,
Watching
Oh, so dolefully watching
For a glimpse of her lov'd one's form again
Who three long weary summers ago
Left her to cross the billowy main.
Pale
Yes, paler grows
This lovely rose,
For her heart is breaking yearly
Never a word
Has she heard
From the one she loves so dearly.
Other lovers have hoped and wooed in vain
For the maidens's heart is on the main
And she knows no emotion save that of pain
Since her heart's own love comes not again.
Still there quivers the fainted hope
Deep, deep down within her heart
That she'll yet meet her love again
No more to part.
And still out through the window pane
She looks, but oh, she looks in vain.

"I'd forget him dear lady,
He's not worthy of thee,
His heart's as deceitful
As his pet, the sea.
I have just returned
From the sea, lady mine,
Thy lover is married
And lives on the Rhine."

These words were sung
'Neath her window one night
But long 'ere it was light
'Ere Sol had hung
His lantern in the sky,
This maiden of the weeping eye
Was gazing thro' the window pane
Toward the dark and restless main,
Again!

◆

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Love of Florence;

A SIMPLE STORY

OF THE COUNTRY-SIDE.

BY QUIEN SABE?

(CONCLUDED.)

FLORY blushed crimson and turned away her face, although she was accustomed to speak of Harry and her other affairs, to Maurice, in the most unreserved manner.

"We had letters not many days ago," she presently said, "and we hope soon to see him established as the lord of Mount Prospect."

"Do you mean to say he proposes to keep bachelor's hall, within three miles of Roy's Park!"

"Maurice!" said Flory calmly, "you speak lightly on a serious subject; your late affair with Miss Maxwell has not affected your gayety."

"Why recall what I had by an effort forgotten?'' said Maurice sadly—"I am trying to be cheerful.'

"Pardon me; I was thoughtless; I am out of spirits myself; my own engagement with Harry Oakford is broken, with his full consent."

"Yours!—broken!" exclaimed Maurice reining in his horse so violently as to throw him upon his haunches;—"Great Heaven, Flory and what for!

"I cannot tell you now," she answered, with moistening eyes, "you shall know at some future day;—let us return, the sun is getting hot." They silently turned their horses and almost without a word returned rapidly to Roy's Park. Having reached the house, Maurice asked—

"Where is Harry now—Flory?"

"At Edinburgh,' she answered, and he rode away in a gallop. Mr. Maurice Howard rode home, nearly as fast as the crow flies, shortening the distance at every turn, to write to Harry Oakford, to tell him that he was a fool, and to urge him to come home and save everything from going to the devil. He might have saved his horse's wind, for his letter lay by nearly a week before it found a steamer to carry it, but his blood was up, and the work must be done then.

The month of June passed rapidly and quietly at Roy's Park; the colonel was occupied all the morning, generally, with his farming operations, and his daily visits to Mount Prospect, consumed the greater portion of the afternoons: when he returned he would sit in his easy chair upon the portico and smoke his pipe, and read the Whig and the Enquirer, which have been from time immemorial the daily study of all Virginia planters.—Flory was always busy with her embroidery, except when her piano claimed her attention, and Mr. Jack lounged all day and at night "bobbed for calls" in the Shenandoah. In this way time flew away, and July came, without bringing any news of Harry Oakford.

The evenings were delightful, and after dusk the great round orb of the moon, came bursting over the mountains, silvering every object in the landscape, until the Valley was a fairy land. One of these evenings Maurice came to ride with Flory. He had quite made up his mind that Sally Maxwell had cared nothing for him, and he perhaps cared less for her.

"Ride by the post office, children; I half expect foreign letters this evening," said the Colonel as they rode away.

Their course after leaving the post office, was up the river, where the road bordered the stream, for some miles, and was overhung by the branches of huge sycamores, with now and then a small tree bending beneath a luxuriant growth of grape vine. It was dark before they turned, and as they did so, the full moon rose magestically over the dense pine forest upon the mountains, and was reproduced upon the smooth bosom of the "daughter of the stars." Impressed with the grandeur of the scene, they rode on slowly and silently.

"There's no country like this," said Maurice at last, breaking the long silence. "I wish Harry would come home."

"I almost begin to think Maurice, that he will never return. He should have been here a month ago."

A suppressed sigh followed this observation, but whether it came from the Cavalier or the damosell, could not be discovered.

They were approaching a ford, which was the crossing place of the main road into the mountains, when just as they emerged from the dense shadow of the Sycamores, they heard a plashing of the water on the other side of the river, and a voice humming the air to a very sweet song called "Home Again." Almost simultaneous with this noise, came the low suppressed tones of a man from the bushes near them, upon the margin of the water.

"D——n that horse; I wish he'd break his neck on the other side of the river, instead of coming here right through my bobbing ground." These were the words which proceeded from the bushes, and the voice was that of Mr. Jack Dorsey who was engaged in his favorite occupation of bobbing for eels. Maurice choked down a laugh, and Flory pressed her lips together, and rolled her eyes up in the most quizzical manner possible

Meanwhile the equestrian crossed the river, and rode up the bank; his song had ceased, and he only uttered two words—"go 'long," to his horse, as he drew near to our friends.

"Maurice!" exclaimed Flory, under her breath, "isn't that Harry Oakford? I cannot mistake his voice, and his form is like Harry's!"

"Look what a beard!" said Maurice, incredulously and then turning he spoke, "hello! *Harry* is that you?"

The horseman turned, and checked his horse, looking into the shadow, while the moon fell full upon his face. It was half covered with dense beard while the visor of a Dutch looking cap concealed the remaining portion. The same "hello" which caused the stranger to wheel, fell upon Jack's ears, who fancied himself to be the person addressed, and replied simply and in the vernacular—"Hello yourself!"—which was followed by his appearance through the bushes.

"Nobody spoke to you, Mr. Eel-bobber!" said Flory as he approached her, "but hush!"

All this time the stranger sat upon his horse in the broad moonlight, and spoke not a word. At last he seemed to see the party under the drooping boughs, and answered,—

"I haven't been called Harry for a long time, but I answer to the name of Harry Oakford of Mount Prospect, Virginia."

This sentence was scarcely half uttered, before he was surrounded by his friends who made themselves known by emerging from the shade unto the moonlight.

I shall attempt no further description of this scene, but will only say that Harry was in the most embarrassing position he ever occupied. He was re-assured by the cordial pressure of the hand from Maurice and Jack—who forgot his eels—and by the kind look which Flory gave him from under her beaver *chapeau*.

He was easily diverted from his route to Mount Prospect, and the whole party rode forward rapidly towards Roy's Park, Harry and Flory in the lead, and Maurice following with Jack upon his crupper. I shall attempt no detail of the conversation between Harry and Flory, and indeed there was very little chance for any; a hard gallop is not conducive to the flow of ideas, or language, and but few words passed before the cavalcade reached Roy's Park, where rapidly dismounting they were upon the portico as soon as the Colonel, who came out to see who could be making such a clatter. Harry's beard and foreign air disguised him completely in the imperfect light of the moon, and the Colonel was very much puzzled at the holding back of his daughter, who he thought should introduce the stranger. The lamp-light and Harry's warm grasp of his old guardian's hand soon dispelled the mist from his eyes, and then the astonishment and delight of Col. Dorsey knew no bounds.

"Why God bless us, my boy, how could you steal upon us so"—he said with his eyes fairly glistening with joy—"upon my word I'm ten years younger to-night than I was to-day."

All this time the old gentleman held on to Harry's hand; tears came into Harry's eyes, the first for many years, and he only said—

"How little I merit such a reception!"

It was soon known amongst the negroes that Master Harry had come, and there was a gathering in from the cabins, each one eager to shake his hand. He saw them all in the great hall of the house, and when they went away, there was rejoicing in every cabin.

Harry had not looked forward to any such display of feeling and it was therefore doubly grateful to him. They sat long that night talking of his foreign travels, and when all were worn out with fatigue, the Colonel told Harry he "so much resembled a Neapolitan Brigand—with his long curled moustache," that he must put Mr. Maurice Howard in the same room to watch his movements—and so they went to bed, and Harry dropped off to sleep out of sheer weariness while Maurice was telling him what a sensible fellow he was to come home—just as he had urged him to do in his letter.

For the next month there was a regular tide of young gentlemen pouring towards Roy's Park, for Harry found himself very popular; everything seemed just the contrary to what he had expected, and being reassured by so many exhibitions of friendship, he soon found himself courting the society of the ladies of the neighborhood, generally accompanied in his visits by Flory or Maurice. He had never made any advance towards a renewal of his engagement with his fair friend, and Maurice one day urged him to do so, saying he thought it was his duty. Harry had altogether reformed, and was managing his place at Mount Prospect, under the direction of the Colonel, though still residing at Roy's Park. He scarcely hoped for success—but he resolved to address Flory again.

It was in the royal month of October, the most magnificent of the year in these mountain lands, that Harry and Flory cantered over that same road which she had so often passed over with Maurice. They were going to the Rocky Point, some five miles from Roy's Park, or less. The sun was well nigh down before they reached the base of the cliff.

"Flory! will you ride with me whithersoever I lead?" said Harry suddenly as they gazed upon the fiery bed into which the god of day had sunk, the moment before.

"A strange request Harry!" she said turning her face, all lit up with the sunset, full upon him; "but I have faith enough to say, *I will*."

"Will you go with me to the top of yon misty crag, so bathed in the dying sunlight; a scene of peace will burst upon us there."

In a few moments by dint of much urging, they forced their horses up the steep rocky ascent, and stood upon the brow of the Rocky Point.

"Before me lies the finest country I have ever seen, in Europe or America," said Harry as they looked down upon the valleys; "you see there my noble estate of Mount Prospect, almost at my feet; you see the rows of Cabins with the glow of the fires coming through the open doors; you see the Mansion house buried in sombre darkness by that grove of grand old forest poplars; do you see all these Flory?" he asked almost wildly.

"I do Harry! but what on earth do you mean, and why are you so much excited!"

"Flory, not one foot of that broad expanse is mine; it is owned in England; the people are mine though, thank God; they have not been staked at the card table!"

"I know of your losses in Europe, but you may repair them Harry."

"Why should I care to repair them; I live for no definite object; I once had an object but"——and he paused; then seizing Flory's hand as she sat upon her horse by his side—"knowing what you do," he continued, "and being assured of unabated, undying devotion, can you, will you renew our old vows of love and constancy? I ask a great deal, but Flory, will you be mine?" and he looked intently into the bright blue eyes. The hand was not withdrawn, and presently she said,—

"You do me grievous wrong Harry; think you, that your broad acres ever bought my love? For yourself, I think you are a nobler gentleman now, since your bitter experience of the world, than you were before. I could scarcely say more."

Harry bent forward, and said warmly, as he kissed her hand—

"Thank you! thank you!—God bless you Flory! you have given me life again," and they turned and descended from their elevation. When they returned they found Maurice and the Colonel in merry conversation by the bright drawing-room fire, which threw a cheerful glare over the room, producing many fantastic shadows, where the light came in contact with the grotesque old furniture.

"I half doubt, Flory, the sincerity of what you said," said Maurice with a peculiar closing of one eye—"believing that you 'preferred my society to that of *anybody in the county*,' I came this evening to ride with you, and found you had run away with that sinner the 'Neapolitan Brigand!'" and his laugh was echoed by the Colonel. Flory blushed and said "Hush Mr. Mischief!" and ran away to get rid of her riding costume.

My story draws onward to its close.

There was much rejoicing when the re-engagement was announced, and the approaching Christmas fixed for the marriage. A great bustle rose at Roy's Park, and continued, instead of the usual quiet routine. Flory was no longer busy with embroidery or worsted work, but divided her time between the drawing room, and her chamber, that is to say, between Mr. Harry Oakford, and numerous black sempstresses—for I have observed that it is universally the case, that young ladies who are going to be married, suddenly require untold additions to their wardrobe, utterly regardless of its former extent!

The weeks dragged their slow length along, and at last old father Christmas came, bringing with him a snowy veil for the face of nature. There was a merry tinkling of sleigh-bells throughout the country, and a great pawing of the snow in the lawn at Roy's Park. Every fire place in the old Mansion roared with hickory logs in process of combustion.—There was a great crowd of guests, all laughing and happy, and the family at the Park were the happiest of all. Mr. Jack Dorsey did'nt "bob for eels" that night, but "bobbed 'round," as he expressed himself, amongst the girls.

At nine o'clock Harry Oakford and Flory Dorsey were made man and wife, and then came a great shaking of hands, and the Colonel almost cried when he kissed his little Flory—his now no more, and he shook Harry's hand until his shoulder ached, and at last went off saying "God bless you my boy!"

Then came the fiddles—not the "violinists," but the old fashioned negro "fiddles," and the dancing commenced, and continued—only stopping for supper—until almost morning, when having danced themselves nearly to death, every body went away amidst merry laughter and jingling bells, and so the wedding was over.

"'And so the wedding was over,'" said Flory from behind me, quoting what I had just written. She had stolen in upon me just as I wrote the last line—"Here you've been all the morning writing nonsense about me, while I have been moping away off by myself up stairs! Aint you ashamed of yourself!"

"Heartily my dear, but you must read what I have written before you call it nonsense," I replied.

She took the MSS. and read, while I walked out upon my piazza to look upon the Rocky Point, a spot to which such endearing memories attached themselves. It was plainly visible from where I stood, for Mount Prospect is only a mile from the river at that point.

When I entered the study again, Flory looked up and said, "you are a flatterer sir; its disgraceful for you to tell stories so," and putting her arm around my waist, she led me in to dinner.

"Isn't it all true Flory?" I asked.

"All but the flattery of me sir; you know you don't believe half you say about me."

I assume the whole responsibility, when I say I have drawn Flory not a whit better than she is, and myself not awhit worse.

I will add, in conclusion, that my western speculation proved fortunate, and I realized at the sale of the property much more than enough to pay the $65,000 of debts which I left in England. We are free from the ordinary cares of life here at Mount Prospect. We live quietly, and the Colonel, Jack and Maurice are almost our only guests, but they come to dine often. We spend much time at Roy's Park, and occasionally in July when the nights are fine, I "bob for eels" with Master Jack, in the Shenandoah. So ends my story.

◆

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Love On.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Love on—love on with steadfast hearts,
And heed not those who say
That vows of love are but as air
Or as the dews of day;
That friendship's pure and holy ties,
Are oft by man forgot;
That swiftly they are cast away
And vows remember'd not.

Love on—love on, for there vibrates
Throughout man's heart, a string,
And naught but gentle words of love
Can music from it bring;
And when love's fingers strike the chords,
A note so sweet is given,
That angels bright echo the strain
Throughout the courts of heaven.

Love on—love on, and though thou shouldst
Find all thy love in vain,
Yet thou shalt have in Paradise
All of thy love again.
And every tear which thou hast shed,
The sighs which rend thy breast;
Shall serve to fill thy cup of bliss
And make thee e'er blest.

Baltimore, Md.

◆

A hot shovel held over burnished furniture, will take out white spots.

Whoever is afraid of submitting any question, civil or religious, to a test of free discussion, is more in love with his opinion than the truth.

THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

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Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

North Carolina Railroad.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the North Carolina Railroad, was held in Greensboro' last week.—We understand the attendance was fuller than ever on any previous meeting. From the reports made to the meeting, the financial condition of the Road appeared to be very much improved and we think there was evident among the stockholders a drawing in of the chin—at least their visages did not appear quite so long. We presume it was the effect of the following, extracted from the Report of the Board of Directors:

"The Board refers with pleasure, to the steady increase in our Road Receipts, showing a marked prosperity, which ought to be highly gratifying to the Stockholders. During the fiscal year just closed, the State has been paid one instalment of 3 per cent. on the million of preferred Stock, by a declaration of dividend for January, and the same amount, 3 per cent., has been declared, and ordered to be paid as the remainder, due for the fiscal year, of 6 per cent. total, up to June 1st, 1859.

"Besides this, a second instalment of $25,000, has been set aside for the sinking fund of the 8 per cent. Bond debt of the Company—upon which the semi-annual interest is regularly paid when due, in March and September. These payments for the last year amount to the sum total of $112,000.

"The Board have also declared a dividend of 2 per cent. to the Stockholders, payable on and after August 1st, 1859.

"During the last year the floating debt of the Road has been so nearly paid off, as to leave scarcely any balance due of outstanding liabilities, except small amounts on current accounts for material and supplies, which are very largely over-balanced by the amount of material on hand."

The total amount of receipts during the twelve months past, ending June 30th, is $387,634 30—being an increase over the corresponding period of last year of $50,631 28.

The vote for four Directors was: 1st ballot, (8,140 shares represented,) Fisher 6,648, Mebane 6,322, McRae 5,344; 4th ballot, (5,313 shares represented,) Saunders withdrawn, Gorrell received 5,213.

Chas. F. Fisher was re-elected president of the Road.

◆

INTENSELY HOT.—During the past five days the heat of the atmosphere has been decidedly oppressive. On Friday and Saturday last the thermometer in the shade ranged, at mid-day, from 96 to 98 deg. We learn that at 2 o'clock Monday it reached 99 deg. in the shade.

The Charlotte *Bulletin* says the above, and we repeat it for Greensboro'.

◆

NEW TELEGRAPH LINE.—Mr. Fisher, in his report to the Board of Directors of the N. C. Railroad, recommends the construction of a telegraph line by the company which is especially demanded for the safety of the road in the winter season. We are pleased with this idea, and hope the Board may find it best to adopt the recommendation.

◆

COTTON PROSPECTS.—The New Orleans papers speak favorably of the prospects of the growing crop of cotton, and estimate that 10,000 bales of new crop will reach the city before the 1st of September.

◆

☞ An Association has been formed at Kinstion, N. C., for the purpose of erecting a Monument to the memory of Richard Caswell, the first republican Governor of North Carolina.

The Real Cause of the War in Italy.

Dr. Baird, who has travelled and seen somewhat in Europe, gives this theory to the New York Observer:

The *real* cause of the present war is to be found in the fact that the people of Sardinia have dared to maintain in the northwestern part of Italy, within the last ten years, one of the noblest governments which can be found in Europe: with a Constitution like that of England, a Parliament of two Houses, entire freedom of religion—so that Protestant churches are springing up in Turin, Pignerol, Genoa, Nice, Novi, Alessandria, (with its immense fortifications,) Casala, and other places, and Bible and religious books and tracts are circulating in all directions—*liberty of the press*, an admirable system of common schools, and great activity in making railroads and developing the resources of the kingdom. It is the existence of *such a government in Italy*, and contiguous to the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom of Austria, that is the occasion, or the cause rather, of this war. The example of such a kingdom in Italy, the immense influence of the press which no *cordon* of bayonets on the frontiers can confine, and the fact that it has defied the thunders of the Vatican, trouble Austria and all the despots of Italy. And what Austria and all those despots have for years desired, and what *she* has undertaken to effect, is to compel Sardinia to go back to the despotism which brooded over that country until Charles Albert, in 1848, gave the noble Constitution which it has, and drove out the Jesuits. This, in plain English, is the real cause of the war. It is now to be decided whether Austria and Despotism shall prevail; or whether Sardinia, Liberty, and Italian Independence shall triumph.—Liberty cannot stand in Sardinia or anywhere else in Italy, unless Austria be driven out. And most heartily do I rejoice that France has resolved to aid Sardinia. This was to be expected; for if Sardinia were to be crushed, the Austrian preponderance in Italy would be overwhelming. She would in fact extend her dominion to the foot of the Alps and the confines of France itself. For this time, certainly, France is engaged in a noble cause. The war is by far the most just one which Europe has seen for a long time. Nor is it, as you remark, difficult to decide on which side the sympathies of British and American Christians—at least those who have any love of liberty in them—should range themselves.

◆

THE POTENCY OF MONEY.

The following is an illustration of the power of money, and the influence it exerts in the affairs of the world:

Austria gave order to provincial magistrate to enforce the Papal rule lately made preventing Christian domestics from serving in Jewish families. One evening a Jewish capitalist at Frankfort, called a meeting of his brethren, and they refused any longer to negotiate Austrian paper. Soon no German, and then no Parision Jew would "do" any Austrian paper or loan on Austrian securities. A panic began. Baron James Rothschild, of Paris, telegraphed immediately to his nephew at Vienna, to wait upon the Government, and remonstrate against the rule; it at once revoked, and soon after, Baron James, whom no European Monarch dare treat slightingly, went to Vienna, and talked the matter over warmly with the Emperor. The Emperor assured him that he himself knew nothing whatever of the rule! But the Jewish money men have conquered.

◆

Death of the Hon. Rufus Choate.

Private dispatches from Halifax, Nova Scotia, state that the Hon. Rufus Choate died on Tuesday 12th inst. Mr. Choate was one of the most eminent lawyers in America and was en route for Europe. He sailed from Boston several days since, but in consequence of declining health, was unable to proceed further than Halifax.

Mr. Choate had policies upon his life with several companies, among them $10 000 in the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, of which institution he was one of the earliest members. He was remarkably punctual in paying his premiums, and never had occasion to be informed that his policy had expired.

No collection of Mr. Choate's orations and addresses, says the Boston *Transcript* has been made. He was often solicited to edit such a volume, but his time was so incessantly occupied that he could not find leisure for the work. His eulogies on President Harrison and Daniel Webster his addresses on the genius of Walter Scott, Macauly's History of England, the Poetry of the Sea, etc; his orations before New England Society of New York in 1843—the citizens of Boston on the Fourth of July, 1858; his appeals on celebrated trials, and his speeches on political questions, would make a volume that would be treasured by thousands in all parts of the land.

Indian Depredations.

As usual, and as is expected by every arrival from the West, the Indians are still unchecked in their depredations.

Dates from El Paso to the 28th of June, states that the Apaches had stopped and robbed the Patagonia Mining Company of several thousand dollars' worth of property. Other minor depredations had also been perpetrated by them, and they had committed one murder at the copper mines. A detachment of troops was ordered out by Col. Bonneville, but he had not men enough at his disposal to make an effective campaign. He recommends the creation of four new military posts in Arizona.

MORE DEPREDATIONS.

ST. LOUIS, July 13.

The Omaha Nebraskian, giving an account of the depredations recently committed by the Pawnee Indians, says that $15,000 worth of property was stolen by them from the settlers.—Governor Black was in the field at the head of 250 men and 70 dragoons.—The Indian force numbered 3,500.

◆

MARRIED.

In Salem, on the 12th inst., Mr. B. F. Crosland of New York, and Miss Lou M. Shober.

In Concord, on the 7th inst., Mr. Irvin Nunamaker of South Carolina, and Miss Carrie M. Vaughn.

Near Thomasville, the 7th inst., Mr. C. A. Winkler, of Salem, and Miss Alice Giersch, formerly of Fayetteville.

In Raleigh, the 14th inst., Mr. J. R. Reid, of Rockingham county, to Miss Mary W. Porter.

◆

DIED,

In this place, Friday 1st inst., infant child of Lewis H. Thompson, of Company's Shops, N. C. Railroad, (formerly of New Jersey,) aged 5 months and 7 days.

In Guilford county, N. C., the 13th inst., SARAH MARGARET, infant daughter of D. M. and Martha Lednum, aged about 18 months.

Dr. E. H. Morritt, a Skilful Physician of New York City.

In his remarks on Dyspepsia, says—The most effectual medicine to improve the tone and energy of the stomach, is that prepared by Dr. Geo. B. Green, and called the *Oxygenated Bitters*.

I would publish the recipe for preparing this medicine, if I knew what it was, but as I do not, I can only recommend its use. It seems to me to be improperly called "Bitters," at least in the popular acceptation of that term, for it contains no alcohol or other spirits, and rather sour than bitter. Though here, by the way, I cannot too earnestly caution the dyspeptic sufferer against using "bitters," the basis of which is alcohol or other ardent spirits. They no more impart real energy to the stomach, than a whip gives strength to a horse. The stimulation which they excite is only temporary, and sure to be followed by a reaction, which at length will inevitably wear out the stomach. The medicine of which I am speaking, obviates these objections.

Seth W. Fowle & Co., Boston, Proprietors. Sold by their agents everywhere.

PATRICK SPRINGS,
Patrick County, Va.

This justly celebrated Watering Place passed into the hands of the present owner last year. Upon the 20th March, 1859, I commenced active operations upon the premises in the way of finishing houses and adding others, and newly furnishing the whole, for the comfortable accommodation of visitors. As I now have a large force at work and much of my furniture at hand, I can say with certainty that the Springs will be opened on the 15th JULY, '59: and while, for want of time, I cannot make that improvement I would like or that the place demands, I think what I have done will satisfy any reasonable people that a great work is progressing in the right direction towards the successful improvement of that property, designed by Providence to be of great service to the world. The Ladies will find their rooms with neat and comfortable beds, and other appendages for their enjoyment, with one of the finest toned Pianos in the newly furnished Parlor for their recreation. Gentlemen will likewise find that I have cared well for them, and all I ask is a visit and a little forbearance, promising my best efforts to render all agreeable and comfortable who may favor me with a call. I might say much in behalf of the curative qualities of the water, but I only deem it necessary to say the water speaks for itself in tones far superior to my words; therefore enquire of those who have visited, and let it stand upon its own merits alone. I am now at work trying to add accommodations to unmistakable reputation. This property is situated between Bull and No-Business Mountains, in the county of Patrick, State of Virginia, and will be in a condition for the comfortable accommodation of upwards of one hundred visitors by the 15th of July.

BEVERLY A. DAVIS,
late of Pittsylvania co., Va., Proprietor.

The undersigned has rented of the proprietor of the Patrick Springs, the BAR, BOWLING SALOON, LIVERY STABLES, &c., and from his experience in conducting a similar business, having been for some time proprietor of Simmons' Hotel at Pittsylvania Court-House, flatters himself that he can please the public.

June 16, '59—jy16–3m. JNO. W. DYER.

GREENSBORO' HIGH SCHOOL

The next Session will commence Monday, the 1st of August, Boys in this School will be prepared for entering any class in College; and special attention will be given to such as wish only a good practical English Education.

Tuition per session of Twenty weeks $20, One dollar for Contingences is required of each Student in advance

JOHN. E. WHARTON, *Principal*.
June 20, 1859. 178tf.

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Depressed Spirits,
Depressed Spirits,
Depressed Spirits,
Depressed Spirits,
Depressed Spirits,
Depressed Spirits,
Depressed Spirits,
Loss of Appetite,
Loss of Appetite,
Loss of Appetite,
Loss of Appetite,
Loss of Appetite,
Loss of Appetite,
Loss of Appetite,
Loss of Appetite,
Pain in Side and Back,
Pain in Side and Back,
Pain in Side and Back,
Pain in Side and Back,
Pain in Side and Back,
Pain in Side and Back,
Pain in Side and Back,
Pain in Side and Back,
It is Especially Adapted to
It is Especially Adapted to
It is Especially Adapted to
It is Especially Adapted to
It is Especially Adapted to
It is Especially Adapted to
It is Especially Adapted to
It is Especially Adapted to
Female Complaints;
Female Complaints;
Female Complaints;
Female Complaints;
Female Complaint ;
Female Complaints;
Female Complaints;
Female Complaints;
It Produces Rotundity of Form
It Produces Rotundity of Form
It Produces Rotundity of Form
It Produces Rotundity of Form
It Produces Rotundity of Form
It Produces Rotundity of Form
It Produces Rotundity of Form
It Produces Rotundity of Form
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.

Send a Postage Stamp to the Proprietors for their Pamphlet on "Diseases of Stomach and Bowels."

W. W. BLISS & CO., Proprietors,
363 Broadway, New York.

For Sale in Greensboro by
PORTER & GORRELL.

HIDES! HIDES!!

Cash paid for Hides at BOONE'S Boot and Shoe Store.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, July 20th.
Reported expressly for the Times

Bacon 14@15; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 25; Butter 15 @; Coffee 14a16, Candles, Tallow 20 @25, Adamantine 28@33, Sperm 55@60; Corn 0@1.00 Meal 0@1.00; Chickens 10 @15; Eggs 6a8; Feathers 40; Flour 5.00@6.00 Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 12½@15; Molasses 35@40; Nails 6@7; Oats 50; Peas, yellow 75@00, white 75@1.00; Pork 8.00@ 8.50; Rags 2½@; Rice 8@00; Salt 2.25@ 2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12½, loaf 16⅔, crushed 16⅔, clarified 15; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 80@1.00; Wool 25@30.

NORFOLK MARKET, July 14th.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Flour, Fam'y	$7.50a0.00	*Flaxseed*,...	1.35
Extra.....	0.00a7.00	*Beeswax*,.........	32
Superfine..	6.75	*Dried Apples*, ℔ bu. of	
Corn. Mixed&W.	80.a81	28lbs...	1.75
Yellow.....	83	" *Peaches*, 40lbs. ℔	
Wheat, White	160a180	bu......	4.00a4.50
Red......	140a150	*Bacon*, W. sho'ld	9
Cotton,........	10a11½	do. Sides	10a10½
Peas, Black Eye	1.25	N. C. & Va. Hog	
Red & Black	75	round,	11
Lard, N.C.&V.no.1	13	*Staves*, R.O. hhd	28a30
do do 2...	12½	W.O. pipe.	50
Fish, Mackerel 1.	12.50	do hhd	40
do No 2.	11.00	do bbl.	28
do 3.	10.00		

RICHMOND MARKET.—July 15th. 1859.
Reported weekly for The Times, by Dickenson & Cole, Forwarding and Commission Merchants.

Bacon, Shoulders,	8a8½	*Corn*, in demand	1a1.5
Sides,..........	10a10½	*Cotton*,..........	12a13
Hams, ...	12a12½	*Cotton Yarns*,.....	23a25
Coffee, Rio, ...	11a12½	*Flour*, ...	$7a8
Java,............	17	*Guano*, Peruvi-	
Mocha, ...	18	an,..............	$58a60
Molasses,. Cuba,	28a30	Elide, ...	45
Syrup,...........	30a33	*Tobacco*, Lugs,...	3¾a5¾
N. O., ...	40a45	Good, ...	6a7½
Wheat, White,	175a185	Leaf,............	7a9
Red, ...	1.50a160	Good and fine,..	9a15

Professional Cards.

GEO. W. COTHRAN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR,
at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y.
105-tf.

CALEB G. DUNN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR
at Law, **80 Nassau St. New York.**

☞ Will promptly and faithfully attend to business entrusted to his care. Particular attention paid to the collections of claims.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C.
1-ly.

J. W. EVANS'
NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE
and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street,
Richmond, Va.

Subscriptions received for the Times.

JACOB T. BROWN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HIGH POINT, N. C.,

☞ Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111:ly

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.

Jan. 8, 1857. 53-ly.

GEORGE T. WHITE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
CITY OF JEFFERSON, MISSOURI

Will attend the different COURTS held at the Capital, and in the adjoining counties.

Also, to the collection of debts, and persons who wish to have investments made in the West, may be assured, that his long acquaintance here, would enable him to make selections greatly to their advantage.

ARCHITECTURE. WILLIAM PERCIVAL, ARCHITECT, OFFICE Fayetteville St. Raleigh, will supply Designs, Working Drawings, Specifications and Superintendance for *Churches*, Public and Private Buildings &c., &c.

He respectfully refers to those by whom he is engaged in this State.

New Baptist Church Committee, Raleigh,
University Building Committee, Chapel Hill,
New Court House Committee, Yanceyville, Caswell County,
R. S. TUCKER, } Raleigh
W. M. BOYLAN, } do
W. C. HARRESON, } do
W. S. Battle Esq., Rocky Mount, Edgecombe County, and others.

All Letters on Business addressed Box 106 Raleigh, N. C. promptly attended to. 15:51

JAMES S. PATTERSON,
PRACTICAL DESIGNER AND
ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 1 Spruce Street, opposite city hall, New-York.

Country orders carefully attended to.
Feb. 1859. 6-ly

BOOTS AND SHOES!
HAVING LEASED THE STORE formerly occupied by Messrs. Gilmer & Hendrix, opposite the "Brittain House," I am now receiving and opening the largest Stock of **Boots and Shoes** ever offered in this section of country.

My stock consists of Ladies, Gents, Misses, Boys, Youths and Childrens Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, of every variety, style and price—to an examination of which I invite the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country.

I buy all my goods from the Manufacturers—get nothing second-handed—and those, therefore, who buy of me do not have to pay a *second profit*, as is the case with those who buy of the New York and Philadelphia Jobbers.—Besides I intend doing an EXCLUSIVELY CASH business, which will enable me to sell *lower than any one who does a credit business.*

Be sure and call at the Boot and Shoe store.

J. B. F. BOONE.
May, 1859. (61) C. M. RAY, *Agent*.

War News.

The latest news from the seat of war says the battle of Solferino has annihilated the Austrian army. No one believes that a stand in the open field can be again made in Italy. Report states the capture of 80 guns, 15,000 prisoners, quite as many bayonetted, and an equal number drowned in the flood, their corpses being floated down to beleaguer the ditches and lake round Mantua, as a prelude to the storming advance of the French. The railroad between that city and Verona has been broken up by this time, and, in point of fact, the great quadrangle, or quadrilateral ground, is now forced and won.

The Milan Gazette, of the 21st, announces that about 70,000 Austrians are concentrated in the fortresses of Mantua and Verona. "It is not possible for any one," it adds, "to leave either place without a special authorization of the commander, and no one enters. A forced levy of all men, aged from 18 to 35, capable of bearing arms, has been ordered."

THE COMMANDERS.

At the above battle, the French and Austrian Emperors commanded in person. The latter was supported by the most distinguished and talented men of the empire. Besides the Field-Marshal, Hess, there were Marshal Count Wimpffen, commanding the first corps d'armee; by his uncle, the Archduke Albert, ex-governor-general of Hungary; by the general of cavalry, Count Schlick, the successor of the disgraced Gyulai; by Zebel and Stadion, and Benedek; by the Prince de Linchtenstein and the Baron Reishach.

TERRIBLE SCENES.

A writer from the scene of conflict describes the wounded as they were brought to Castiglione. He estimates the number brought to that city alone at 10,000, and says:

If I did not already know the result of the battle, I would be ready to suppose, from the enormous number of wounded soldiers at this moment passing my window, that the French army had been literally destroyed.

The most horrible wounds to look at were those of the face. Two Zouaves of the first regiment had the whole under jaw carried away, and yet these brave fellows walked behind the carts of their comrades more dangerously wounded than themselves. Some had their eyes closed from blows with the butts of the muskets, others had their cheeks our mouth hanging in *lambeaux* from sword cuts, others the cheeks swollen to enormous dimensions from balls that had pierced their faces through and through. The women who had remained in the town of Castiglione shed tears apparently at the utter hopelessness of rendering assistance to such a number of brave and suffering men. Yet every house was thrown open and every hand was ready to aid in alleviating their pains.

Many of the soldiers were naked to the waist—their coats having been torn to pieces in the bayonet and hand to hand fights, and their skirts torn up to staunch their blood- All were covered with dust and had their clothes more or less torn, but officers and men presented, even in absence of blood-stained clothes, the most pitiable appearance.

Roger A Pryor, Esq., recently nominated to fill the chair in Congress, made vacant by the death of the Hon: Wm. O. Goode, most positively declines the honor over his own signature, thro' the Petersburg, Va., *Press*.

A Revolutionary Incident.—At the celebration in Concord on the 4th July, in response to a toast "To the memory of the Black Boys, of Cabarrus," Rufus Barringer, Esq., responded and stated an historical incident which ought to be preserved. He said that in 1771, four years before the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, eight men, Maj. Jas White, John White and Wm White, brothers, and Robt, Davis, Jas Ashmore, Robt Caruthers, Joshua Hadely and Benj Cochran, formed the plan and bound themselves together by a solemn oath to destroy several wagon loads of powder then on their way through Cabarrus from Charleston to Gov. Tryon of this State, to be used against the Regulators. They painted themselves black, captured the wagons and destroyed the ammunition A reward was offered for them by Gov. Tryon, but no effort succeeded in arresting them.

Value of a Wife and Child.—One of the passengers in the late disaster upon the Michigan Southern railroad, settled with the company for the loss of his wife and child for $500.

Another Nightengale.—A young Swedish singer Mademoiselle Andree is making a great sensation at Stockton, and promises it would seem, to be another Jenny Lind.

A census of San Francisco, California, shows a population of 78,083.

Business Cards.

NEW FIRM.
PORTER & GORRELL, Successors to
T. J. Patrick,
Wholesale and Retail
DRUGGISTS.
Greensboro, N. C. [4—1y]

MARBLE WORKS
By GEORGE HEINRICH,
Manufacture of Monuments, Tombs, Head-Stones, &c., at reduced prices, near the Depot, Greensboro, N. C.
☞ Orders from a distance promptly filled.
February, 1858. 110:1y

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
Change of Proprietors.
Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F. JONES, Proprietor.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating **terms.**

His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford.

The **Washington Hotel** has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the business streets than any other in the city.

An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steamboat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge.

By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals.

Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.

JOHN F. JONES.
January 1st.-1y.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Orations, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON,
107tf Baltimore, Md.

LOOK AT THIS.
R. L. DONNELL is taking pictures AT FIFTY CENTS. He invites all to come and give him a fair showing and he will insure them good pictures, or NO CHARGE WILL BE MADE.

Rooms formerly occupied by Scott & Gorrell, second story Garrett's brick building, West Market, Greensboro, N. C. 39-1y.

LOOK AT THIS!
WE ARE NOW RECEIVING OUR stock of **Spring** and **Summer Goods.** Our entire stock being new and of the latest styles in market, and embracing every variety of dress goods, both for Ladies and Gentlemen; also a heavy stock of Domestic Goods for servants' wear. Also a large stock of Shoes, Boots, fine and common Hats, Caps, Childrens' fancy hats, Ladies' Bonnets, some very handsomely trimmed, and a great variety of fancy articles.

We will still continue to keep our usual stock of Superior Family Groceries, Java, Laguira and Rio Coffees; Sugars, Teas, Molasses, Syrup, Lard, Oils &c., &c.

We are determined to sell for Cash or on Short Time to punctual dealers, as cheap or cheaper than they can be bought in this or any other market in N. C. All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods, at the Cash Market Price. Examine our stock before you purchase elsewhere.

COLE & AMIS,
West Market Street,
Greensboro, N. C.

FOR SALE BY **FISHER & FOARD,**
Grocers and Commission Merchants,
NEWBERN, N. C.
9000 lbs N. C. Bacon,
35 bbls N. Y. Mess Pork,
10 tons Peruvian Guano,
5 do Phosphatic Peruvian Guano,
5 do California Guano,
100 bbls No. 1 Land Plaster,
100 do Hyd. Cement,
550 Sacks G. A. Salt,
300 bbls Alexandria Lime,
2000 Flour Bags,
2000 Grain Bags,
75 bbls N. O. and Muscov. Molasses.
20 ½ bbls N. O. Molasses—very prime.
68 bbls Refined N. O. and W. I. Sugars.
65 Bags Java, Rio, Mar. and Laguyra Coffee.
25 bbls Ocean Mess Shad,
20 do do Blue Fish,
40 do N. C. Gross and Roe Herring, No. 1 Mackerel and Salmon in bbls, ½ bbls, ¼ bbls and ⅛ bbls,
Soda, Sugar, and Butter Crackers at
20—2m Bakers' cash prices.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.—
Porter & Gorrell, Successors to T. J. PATRICK, wholesale and retail druggists, are prepared to execute orders for Drugs, Medicines, and all articles pertaining to the Drug Business, with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.

With large and improved arrangements for business, and with a very heavy Stock on hand which has been selected with unusual care we feel satisfied that we can offer inducements to Physicians and others who may give us a call.

Physicians who buy from us can rely on having their orders filled with pure and reliable DRUGS.

Special attention will be given to orders.

BELTS! BELTS!! BELTS!!!
I INTEND KEEPING INDIA-RUBBER Belts, all sizes, for sale. Below is a list of prices.

2	inch	3 ply	12½	cts.	per	foot.
2½	"	"	15	"	"	"
3	"	"	17	"	"	"
4	"	"	22	"	"	"
5	"	"	27	"	"	"
6	"	"	32	"	"	"
7	"	"	38	"	"	"
8	"	"	42	"	"	"
10	"	"	60	"	"	"
12	"	"	72	"	"	"

J. B. F. BOONE.

JOB WORK NEATLY EXECUTED.

PROSPECTUS OF THE
N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION
FOR 1859.

THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE JOURNAL will commence with the next year, and the first number will be issued about the middle of January. It will be published monthly, and each number will contain not less than thirty-two pages of reading matter.

The Journal will be neatly printed, on fine paper and in a style fully equal to the present volume; the aim of those who have charge of it will be to make it a valuable auxiliary in the cause of education.

It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association and under its control. Through its pages the General Superintendent of Common Schools will communicate with the School officers and teachers of the State.

Articles are solicited from teahers and other friends of education—

TERMS
(Invariably in Advance)

FIVE COPIES, or more, ordered at one time, or to one address ONE DOLLAR each per annum

Additional copies at the same rate.

Single copy....... ....$2.00

All Teachers and school officers are requested to act as agents.

Journal and Times,.......................$3

The Teacher who sends us the largest number of subscribers (not less than thirty) before the first of January, will be entitled to half a page of advertising for the year; The one sending the next largest number will be entitled to the fourth of a page: And each one sending 25 or more will be entitled to a card, not exceeding eight lines.

☞ *All communications should be addressed to* J. D. CAMPBELL *Resident Editor, Greensboro', N. C.*

$50.00 SEWING MACHINES.—
The QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or ravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well, the coarsest Linsey, or the finest Muslin, and is undeniably the best machine in market. Merchant Tailors, Mantua Makers and House Keepers, are invited to call and examine for themselves.

Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston, N. C., having tried other machines, buys one of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far better than any before in use.

All persons wishing to secure the agency for the sale of the Quaker City machine, in any of the towns of North-Carolina, except in the county of Wake which is secured to Messrs. Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, and the county of Forsythe, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston, should apply soon to the undersigned, agents for the State. We will pay a reasonable per cent. to all persons taking agencies.

J. & F. GARRETT, Agents.
Gseensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd., 1859.

10,000 Negroes
10,000 Negroes
10,000 Negroes
Saved Yearly.
Saved Yearly.
Saved Yearly.
Planters Take Notice,
Planters Take Notice,
Planters Take Notice,
Jacob's Cordial
Jacob's Cordial
Jacob's Cordial
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
Before The People
Before The People
Before The People
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
And Flux.
And Flux.
And Flux.
It Never Fails.
It Never Fails.
It Never Fails.
W. W. BLISS & CO., Proprietors,
363 Broadway, New York.
For Sale in Greensboro by
PORTER & GORREL.

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!!
10.000 lbs. Beeswax wanted in exchange for Stoves, Tin-ware, or Cash, call and get the highest prices.
C. G. YATES,
West-Market, St., Greensboro, N. C.
July 8th, 1859. 28-3m.

SANCHEZ SPECIFIC.
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.
SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
IS EASILY TAKEN,
IS EASILY TAKEN,
IS EASILY TAKEN,
IS EASILY TAKEN,
IS EASILY TAKEN,
IS EASILY TAKEN,
HAS NO BAD TASTE,
HAS NO BAD TASTE,
HAS NO BAD TASTE,
HAS NO BAD TASTE,
HAS NO BAD TASTE,
HAS NO BAD TASTE,
WILL EFFECT A CURE
WILL EFFECT A CURE
WILL EFFECT A CURE
WILL EFFECT A CURE
WILL EFFECT A CURE
WILL EFFECT A CURE
WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
OR CHANGE OF DIET,
OR CHANGE OF DIET,
OR CHANGE OF DIET,
OR CHANGE OF DIET,
OR CHANGE OF DIET,
OR CHANGE OF DIET,
WITH LESS TROUBLE,
WITH LESS TROUBLE,
WITH LESS TROUBLE,
WITH LESS TROUBLE,
WITH LESS TROUBLE,
MORE SPEEDILY,
MORE SPEEDILY,
MORE SPEEDILY,
MORE SPEEDILY,
MORE SPEEDILY,
AND PERMANENTLY,
AND PERMANENTLY,
AND PERMANENTLY,
AND PERMANENTLY,
AND PERMANENTLY,
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY.
TEST ONE PACKAGE.
TEST ONE PACKAGE.
TEST ONE PACKAGE.
TEST ONE PACKAGE.
TEST ONE PACKAGE.

Every Druggist and Country Merchant should keep a supply of this valuable Remedy, not only from the profits that accrue from its sales, but as an act of philanthropy towards suffering humanity. It will be made to the especial and pecuniary interest of all Druggists to purchase by W. W. BLISS & CO., Proprietors,
363 Broadway, New York.

For Sale in Greensboro by
PORTER & GORRE

Van Amburgh & Co's.,
Grand Zoological
AND
Equestrian Company,

WILL Exhibit at **Greensboro,** on Saturday, July 23, 1859. Prominent among the many novelties in this Mammoth Establishment are Van Amburgh's
TRAINED ANIMALS,
Performed by Prof. Langworthy

Also, the Monster Performing Elephant,
TIPPO SAIB.
weighing over 9.000 lbs., introduced by the accomplished Frank Nash. A complete CIRCUS TROUPE of

STAR ARTISTES.
THREE CLOWNS.
The best Stud of Ring Horses in America, TRICK DOGS, RIDING MONKIES, EDUCATED PONIES, AND THE QUADRUPEDAL WONDERS,
The Acting Mules.
The magnificent procession of entirely new Cages, Vans and Baggage Waggons, escorted by
NEWBOR'S BRASS BAND,
in their splendid Band Carriage, will enter town at 10 o'clock, A. M. Doors open at 1 & 7 o'clock, P. M.
Admission 50 cents; Children and Servants, 25 cents. C. L. WHEELER, *Agent.*
July 13, 1859. 28-tw.

LIQUORS:—WHISKIES, Brandies, Wines, Gin, Porter, Ale, Lager Beer, and Cider-Royal of warranted qualities, wholesale and retail, at the old stand of Rankin & McLean, by W. S. CLARK.
Greensboro, Jan. 1. 1859.

20.000 PRINTING CARDS, With a variety of other Materials just received at the Times Office. All kinds of JOB WORK executed in the neatest style of the Art at the cheapest prices.

DR. BAAKEE

TREATS ALL DISEASES.
DR. BAAKEE, will give special attention to the following diseases:—Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Croup, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis and all other diseases of the Nose, Mouth, Throat and Lungs. Attention given to the treatment of all skin diseases—Lumbago, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Dispepsia, Piles and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels; and also, all Chronic diseases pertaining to women and children. Dr. Baakee can produce one thousand certificates of his perfect success in curing, Cancer, Old Sores or Ulcers, Fistula, Swellings, Scald Head, Wens or Tumors of every description, and without the use of the knife. These last named diseases cannot be treated by Correspondence, therefore, the patients must place themselves under the doctor's personal supervision.

DR. BAAKEE has made a new discovery of a Fluid that will produce perfect absorption of the cataract, and restore perfect vision to the Eye, without the use of the knife or needle; and he cures all diseases of the EYES AND EARS, without the use of the Knife; and he has constantly on hand an excellent assortment of beautiful ARTIFICIAL EYES, and TYMPANUMS or (ear drums,) suitable for either sex and all ages—inserted in five minutes.

DOCTOR BAAKEE is one of the most celebrated and skilful Physician and Surgeon now living; his fame is known personally in every principal city of the World. All letters containing ten cents directed to DOCTOR BAAKEE asking any questions pertaining to any disease shall be promptly answered, and all Chronic diseases can be treated by Correspondence except those mentioned that will require his personal supervision.

☞ Office Hours, from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.
DR. BAAKEE.
Office, No. 74 Lexington street, between Charles and Liberty streets, Baltimore, Md.
1-1y.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION,
PHILADELPHIA.
A Benevolent Institution established by special Endowment, for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic Diseases.

In times of Epidemics, it is the object of this Institution to establish Hospitals, to provide Nurses, Physicians, Clothing, Food, Medicines, &c., for the sick and destitute, to take charge of the orphans of deceased parents, and to minister, in every possible way, to the relief of the afflicted and the health of the public at large. It is the duty of the Directors, at such times, to visit personally the infected districts, and to provide and execute means of relief. Numerous physicians, not acting members of the Association, usually enrol their names on its books, subject to be called upon to attend its hospitals, free of charge.

In the absence of Epidemics, the Directors have authorized the Consulting Surgeon to give *Medical Advice Gratis* to all persons suffering under Chronic Diseases of a Virulent character, arising from abuse of the physical powers, mal-treatment, the effect of drugs, &c., when they apply by letter or otherwise, and, in cases of extreme poverty, to Furnish Medicines free of Charge. It is needless M add that the Association commands the highest medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

The Directors of the Association, in their late Annual Report express the highest satisfaction with the success which has attended the labors of their Surgeons in the cure of the worst forms of Chronic Diseases, and order a continuance of the same plan for the ensuing year. They feel confident that their efforts have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.

Various Reports and Tracts on the nature and treatment of Chronic Diseases, by the Consulting Surgeon, have been published for gratuitous distribution, and will be sent *Free of Charge* to the afflicted.

Address, for Report or treatment, DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2. South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

By order of the Directors.
EZRA D. HEARTWELL, *Pres.*
GEO. FAIRCHILD, *Sec.*
June 11--1y.

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying *I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time.* Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.

Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
Greensboro, N. C.

And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.

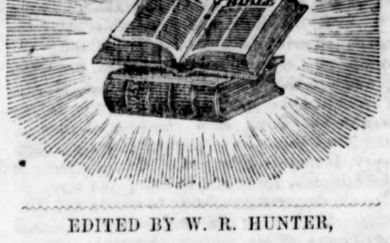
☞ The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

1500,000 lbs. Rags! Rags!!
WANTED BY THE FOREST MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
One Million Five Hundred Thous and Pounds good Cotton and Linen RAGS.
For particulars address,
Dr. W. S. MILLER, Supt.,
Forestville, Wake county, N. C.
March, 1859. 12:6m.

HOLTON'S OINTMENT,
An Infallible Remedy,
for Bone Fellons,
For the cure of burns, biles, sprains and bruises and for old and running sores of all sorts, either on man or beast. For sale at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER.

Blank Warrants—For sale at this Office

Children's Department.



EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER,

"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

My dear Young Friends.—As I suppose you have all been waiting since last week I will now give you the incident I promised about the child who thought right and *acted* right. It is from the Penney Magazine.

A KIND-HEARTED CHILD.

There is near our residence an old pump, a kind of town-pump, which every one may use, and whose wet and bespattered base speaks plainer than sign-boards, could do, of water for man and horse: and a very excellent pump it is too—never out of order, easily worked, and furnishing the purest clearest, coolest water in the world.

Many a thirsty school-boy and omnibus-driver has refreshed himself at that pump; the hackmen and draymen stop there; and the old iron ladle that hangs by its side has been pressed by many a sweet and pretty lip.

It is no unusual thing just after school-hours, to see some little fellow with his satchel over his shoulder, working away at the handle for ten minutes at a time, till all who have gathered round it have been supplied with drink; but yesterday the old pump was honored as though an angel had blessed it. A rosy-cheeked girl, half hid in a flood of glorious curls, came bouncing by driving her hoop. as the old, decrepit apple-woman, whom everybody knows, and whom no one passes without giving her a penny, was endeavoring to obtain a drink. She had set down her basket, but, bent nearly double by the weight of her years and sorrows, was still compelled to lean upon her staff. The little Hebe saw the difficulty, and was in an instant at the handle.—Holding the ladle until it was filled, she carried it gently to the lips of the old lady, then filled it again, while the warm, grateful thanks of the poor woman called the crimson to her cheek, which, as she hurried away, was deepened by the consciousness that she was observed. We shall ever remember that little girl, and the joyous satisfaction with which she performed a good and kind action to the aged.

Now what a dear, good little girl that was! As I trust my little readers will all wish to be kind and thoughtful like her I have selected some very beautiful verses for them to learn; and I hope they will often sing them too. Be kind to all dear children, but especially to the aged and the afflicted.

LITTLE ACTS OF KINDNESS.

BY GENEVA.

Little acts of kindness,
Trifling through they are,
How they serve to brighten
This dark world of care!
Little acts of kindness,
O, how potent they,
To dispel the shadows
Of life's cloudy day!

Little acts of kindness,
How they cheer the heart!
What a world of gladness
Will a smile impart!
How a gentle accent
Calms the troubled soul,
When the waves of passion
O'er it wildly roll!

You may have around you
Sunshine if you will,
Or a host of shadows,
Gloomy, dreary, chill.
If you want the sunshine,
Smile, though sad at heart;
To the poor and needy
Kindly aid impart.

To the soul-despairing
Breathe a hopeful word;
From your lips be only
Tones of kindness heard;
Even give for *anger*
Love and tenderness;
And in blessing others
You yourself will bless.

Little acts of kindness,
Nothing do they cost;
Yet when they are wanting
Life's best charm is lost.
Little acts of kindness,
Richest gems of earth,
Though they seem but trifles,
Priceless is their worth.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

MOUNT MORIAH, July 7th 1859.

Dear Times:—Permit me to say a few words in your columns, concerning the 4th July, a Pic Nic &c.

As the citizens of Greensboro were not intending to celebrate that great and important day, to Americans; the country people of Moriah concluded they would not pass it by unnoticed.

The young men met (at sunset) half a mile from the church, with *shot guns and United States pistols*, and woke the echo on Guilford's ancient hills with the exploding of small arms, that had slumbered in silence since the battle of Martinsville. Headed by a band of violins they proceeded in regular order to the church. Dr. J. A. Weatherly was called to the chair and requested to read the Declaration of Independence. He preceded the reading by giving an interesting sketch of the history of "*Our Country*" from its discovery, to the 4th July 1776, and then closed with the reading of the "*Declaration.*"

Addresses were delivered by some of the neighboring farmers and two young men from Yadkin Institute Davidson county. On motion the meeting adjourned.

Then every body ought to have seen the young men starting home with the ladies. Some of them got in the right box and some didn't.

Tuesday 5th, According to a kind invitation, some of the young folks (of both sexes) started in the form of a Pic, Nic, to take dinner at Dr. Weatherly's. At 10 o'clock we found ourselves comfortably seated in a richly furnished parlor surrounding a bountiful supply of apples. The time was spent in "*fun and frolic,*" untill the dinner bell rang, which was not an unwelcome summons. After feasting sumptuously on many good things we returned to the hall where we were entertained with the *banjo*, by an African musician. Under the influence of music the company became very lively, and sometimes, rather noisy; all seemed to have forgotten that one of our company was a young minister. At this period, our young minister made his way up stars and took a trip on a sleeping barque over to the land of ned.

The Doctor proposed giving a free ox-ride; the ladies sanctioned it, and of course the fellows were into any thing the ladies were. Old stages and wagons were brought out and the propelling *engines* attached. Our minister was called for and accepted a ride with us. The stages had been made to order, no doubt, but the order must have been made when Ladies' dresses were not so *eccentric* as now.

Soon we were all packed away, some how, and off the train went. Very soon we came to a long descent, and as the animals know nothing about holding back they had only to keep out of the way and save themselves.

Some of the boys hollowed "cast anchor for there is a terrible gale back here," some tried to fall overboard, but were too much entangled with hoops, to make their way clear, while others tried the pitch of their voices in "*Wo Wagon*"

The ladies tried to stop such a fuss;
But their clattering only made it *wuss.*

We found that we could go down hill faster than up, for we were soon going up hill snail fashion, or nearly as fast.

Our trip was an emblem of life's journey, you know;
Sometimes we went fast, and sometimes we went slow.

Back again,—the task of getting out completed,—we assembled in the parlor and appointed one of the party to write the proceedings of the meeting, which were soon prepared,—read, and unanimously adopted. The Dr. returned his thanks to the ladies for their presence on that occasion kindly inviting the company to come again, when convenient. On motion, the party responded by a vote of thanks to the Dr. for his kindness, also unanimously accepting his invitation to return.

A motion was made to adjourn, which called forth several witty addresses that should not be lost, but they must slip now. The party then adjourned to meet again.

Yours until next time,

ONE OF THE PARTY.

INTERIOR OF AFRICA.—A young Frenchman, who has often visited the American Missionaries on the Gabon river in Africa, informed them of a recent excursion of his up the river Nazareth, East of Cape Lopez. He penetrated three hundred and fifty miles into the country and describes it as beautiful, the population dense, industrious and ingenious.—He crossed praries sixty miles long, covered with verdure, abounding with wild cattle and other animals. The people raise large quantities of tobacco and also cotton of afine quality, which they manufacture into cloth.

Study to make every leisure hour useful.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

The Matches Disease.

Many of our readers will smile when we say that there is a disease called in common parlance "the matches disease."—We do not, however, refer to that poetical condition of "a mind deseased" to which only a loved one can minister successfully, but to the practical and very dangerous business of Lucifer-Match Making. Very few, among the thosuands of millions who light their lamp, their pipe or their cigar with a lucifer match, are aware of the fact that those who manufacture, and those who use these matches, are liable to contract one of the most dreadful of diseases.

Quite recently a young woman who worked in a match factory was sent to the Bellevue Hospital to have an under jaw removed, which had become diseased by inhaling the phosphoric acid used in the factory. The operation was skilfully performed, and the young woman, after some time, went from the hospital, perfectly cured. She had, however, a diseased tooth in her upper jaw, and returning to her old business of match making, she soon contracted anew the disease, and finally died of it.

Another instance of this "Match disease" came under our observation yesterday at the Bellevue hospital. A young girl who has worked in a match factory, had her left upper jaw, which had become diseased, removed by the surgeons of the establishment, in presence of some of our most eminent peysicians. Doctor Mott, Jr., and Dr. Church performed the operation, in presence of a large number of the faculty—Dr. Mott, Sr., and Dr. Francis being present and assisting with their advice.

The young woman was brought into the operating room, or "theatre," and placed under the influence of ether.—When she had become perfectly insensible, the cheek was cut open from the chin to the ear, and the diseased jaw cut out.—The roots of the disease were followed and cut out, and the blood vessels carefully tied up. Before the operation was completed she returned to consciousness, and her cries while the cheek was being sewed up, were agonizing. Several left the room, but the doctors continued their work with the utmost impassiveness.—The portion of the jaw removed was, as one of the spectators remarked, "perfectly rotten."

We learned from the physicians that the disease is quite common among those who work in match factories, and that it is dangerous for any one who has diseased teeth to be employed in the manufacture of lucifer matches. They also state that the disease may be contracted by those who have diseased teeth by lighting cigars or a pipe with lucifers, and inhaling the phosphoric acid which is liberated by their ignition. It is well for people to understand this fact, and as the doctors say, if a person has a diseased tooth, he or she should have it removed at once, and thus escape all danger of the match disease.—*Sun.*

To kill the tobacco fly, add to a common quart bottle of vinegar four ounces of "fly stone," (cobalt); then mix equal portions of the same and honey well together, and put a few drops or more in the "Jamestown blossom," gourd blossom, or any other blossom which the tobacco fly is fond of. The mixture thus placed, either destroys or prevents the fly's depositing the egg. This should be done every evening about sun down, upon the first appearance of the tobacco fly.

CURE FOR THE NEURALGIA.—The Alta *California* gives the following recipe for the cure of neuralgia: Half a drachm of sal almoniac in an ounce of camphor water, to be taken, a teaspoonfull at a dose, and the dose repeated at intervals of five minutes, if the pain be not relieved at once. This is believed to be most effectual remedy ever discovered for this most painful malady.

TRANSPLANTING SHRUBS.—All climbing shrubs transferred, will be benefitted by being cut down to the ground, so that the growth of the plant may be entirely new. The same is true of most varieties of bush shrubs, particularly the azaleas, wild roses, and the laurel, (Kalmia,) which, though an evergreen, is in this respect an exception to its class. This process is not to be rigidly applied to those plants which we select for the sake of their stems already formed, but it will be found good for most kinds from the woods, and very often nursery plants, if they have been over-forced or transplanted with the leaf, or if they have become wilted or weakened before being reset. Of eight laurel (Kalmia) which we saw transplanted last summer, without being cut down as directed above, only one is now living.—*Alexander Warren.*

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make the best Fire.
SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

THE DIFFERENCE.

'Saratoga and Newport—you've seen them.'
Said Charley one morning to Joe.
'Pray tell me the difference between them,
For bother my wig if I know!'

Quoth Joe, "'Tis the easiest matter,
At once to distinguish the two—
At one you go into the water;
At the other, it goes into you!

A wag thus concentrates his discription of a visit to the White Mountains:

"Nine weary uphill miles we sped,
The setting sun to see;
Sulky and grim he went to bed,
Sulky and grim went we.
Seven sleepless hours we tossed, and then,
The rising sun to see,
Sulky and grim he rose again,
Sulky and grim rose we."

"What church do you attend, Mrs. Partington?"

"Oh, any paradox church, where the Gospel is dispensed with."

It is not considered complimentary to say of an oration that it had "one good point." You are supposed to refer to the full stop or closing period.

"Well, Sam, have you been in church this evening?" inquired a father of his young hopeful. "Of course I was."—"How was the sermon?" "About a mile too long."

Why is fish pedling, morally considered, an objectionable business?

Because one sells what he knows has been "hooked."

An Illinois editor says that his party is on the verge of a precipice but calls loudly upon it to march steadily ahead. He is a bad leader.

PRETTY GOOD.—"Mother, why does Pa, call you honey?"

"Because, my dear; he loves me."

"No!"

"What is it, then?"

"I know."

"Well, what is it?"

"Why it's because you have so much comb in your head—that's why."

A PAIR OF SUSPENDERS.—Two Sheriffs.

WHERE'S THE SHOWMAN?—A man passed through the city yesterday, who had *fore*-fathers!!

There is a nigger in Cincinnati who is so black and ill-tempered that his friends are about to make him "*Knight* of the *Cross.*"

NEWS.—A Western paper lays before its readers the startling intelligence that the "New York Money Market" was entirely consumed by fire!

"Dennis, darlint, och, Dennis, what is it you're doing?"

"Whist, Biddy, I'm trying an experiment"

"Murder! what is it!

"What is it, did you say? Why, it's giving hot wather to the chickens I am, so they be afther laying *boiled eggs!*"

"I say, Joe, if you were to be made King of England, why would you be like *Punch?*"

"There you have me now. I don't know, Jack."

"Because you would be oll the time *Joe-King,*" (Joking.)

"Oysters for two!"

ANECDOTE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.—Dr. Stukley, one day by appointment, paid a visit to Sir Isaac Newton. The servant said he was in his study. No one was permitted to disturb him there; but as it was near dinner time, the visitor sat down to wait for him. In a short time a boiled chicken under a cover was brought in for dinner. An hour passed on and Sir Isaac did not appear. The doctor then ate the fowl; and covering up the empty dish, desired the servant to get another ready for his master. Before that was ready, the great man came down.—He apologized for his delay, and added, 'give me but leave to take my short dinner, and I shall be at your service. I am now fatigued and faint;" saying this, he lifted up the cover, and, without any emotion, turned to Stukley with a smile, "see" said he, "what we, studious people, are? *I forgot that I had dined.*"

An Irish lover has remarked that it is a great pleasure to be alone, especially when you have your swate heart wid ye.

A pretty girl and a wild horse are liable to do much mischief; for the one runs away with a fellow's body, and the other with his heart.

Business Cards.

A. P. SPERRY, of N. C.
With WM. GRAYDON & CO., Importers and Jobbers of **DRY GOODS**, 46 Park Place, and 41 Barclay Street,
Wm. Graydon, James Graydon, } **NEW-YORK,** { Geo. H. Seeley Wm. A. Scott.
Nov., '58. 2—1y.

BOOK-BINDER,
At the old STAR OFFICE, (*opposite the PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,*)
RALEIGH, N. C.

☞ The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Greensboro and the vicinity, that he will promptly and punctually attend to the binding of *Newspapers, Magazines* and *Periodicals* of all kinds, and in any style, plain and ornamental, on moderate terms.

Address J. J. CHAPLIN,
January 1—tf. *Raleigh*, N. C.

DICKENSON & COLE,
Commission & Forwarding Merchants,
Shockoe Slip, 2d door from Cary street,
RICHMOND, VA.
SOLICIT CONSIGNMENTS OF
Tobacco, Wheat, Corn, and other
Produce.

Special attention paid to forwading Manufacturep Tobacco and Goods.
JOHN DICKENSON, } of Petersburg. { ISAAC N. COLE, of Halifax.
January 1, 1859. (6m.)

JOHN A. PRITCHETT,
CABINET-MAKER AND DEALER IN FURNITURE, (*near North Carolina Railroad,*)
Greensboro, N. C

All kinds of Cabinet Furniture—such as Dressing-Bureaus, Wardrobes, Washstands, Cottage-Bedsteads, Tables, Coffins, &c—kept constantly on hand or made to order.

Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop.

☞ Work delivered on board the Cars *free of charge.* 127-1y

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Purchasing & Commission Merchant, and dealer in
Pianos, Melodeons, Pumps, Safes, Sewing Machines, &c
Publisher of "Cherokee Physician," "Chronology of N. C.," "Southern Bishops," "Hickory Nut Falls," &c.
Sole Proprietor of the "AMERICAN PUMP," raising Water in all depths under 150 feet, *by hand.*
Drawings and Prices sent free.
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McPheeters Gheselin, John B. Odom, Esq., Va.; Hon. John Baxter, Rev. W. G. Brownlow, Tenn.; Hon. T. L. Jones, Newport, Ky.; Brown & McMillan, Washington, W. & D. Richardson, Galveston, Texas; D. R. McAnally, D. D., St. Louis; Rev. G. C. Gillespie, New Orleans; J. W. Stoy, Charleston, S. C.: Hons. W. A. Graham, S. W Ellis, D. L Swain, Chas. F. Deems, D. D., N. C.; Myatt & Toler, Ala., &c., &c.

EFLAND & KIRKPATRICK,
Having opened a **GENTLEMAN'S CLOTHING STORE,** will keep on hand or make to order, all kinds of Gentleman's Clothing. Their Spring Stock embraces Coats, Pants, Vests, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Shirts, Drawers, &c., &c., which they will sell cheap for CASH. Gentlemen wishing fine clothing should call on them first, as they sell no half finished work. Having some very fine cloth and casimere, and workmen of the first order, they feel confident they can please the most fastidious.

They also have the agency for the sale of **Bartholf's Sewing Machines**, one of the best now in use, in fact it is superceding all others, in all the large manufacturing establishments in New York and Philadelphia;
March, 1859. 13—1y.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.
J. H. Thacker would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and the surrounding country, that he is now manufacturing all kinds of BOOTS and SHOES **low for CASH.** He is also making all kinds of LADIES' SHOES as low or lower than they can get Northern work. Call and see for yourselves. An assortment of *SHOES and BOOTS* constantly on hand. Repairing promptly attended to.
April 15, 1859.

OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND
Watchmaker, West Market, Greensboro', N. C.—Has on hand, and is receiving a splendid and well selected stock, of fine and fashionable Jewelry, of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral Jewelry.

He has also a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches.

All repairing done in the best manner and warranted.

All persons purchasing Jewelry will do well to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market.
August, 1st., 1858. 134—tf.

VISITING CARDS.
R. G. STAPLES,
CARD WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for $1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, $2.00 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
Comission Merchants, Norfolk, Va.
ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Oranage; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, Chatham: White & Cameron, C. Phifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan.

☞ Authorized agents for the *Times*, to receive subscriptions, etc. 6:1y

HIDES! HIDES!!
Cash paidfor Hides at BOONE'S Boot and Shoe Store.